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THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

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For note about the artist, see page 50.

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AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES

XII - IRISH CHILD *Painted by Robert Henri*

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

JANUARY 1939

SINGING CINDERELLA

By HELEN GRIGSBY DOSS

Photographs by Sherman Clark, Universal Pictures



A FAVORITE SUBJECT OF DEANNA'S IS GEOGRAPHY. SHE COLLECTS STAMPS, TOO, AND HAS FUN TRYING TO LOCATE THE COUNTRIES ON A GLOBE



SINCE DEANNA BECAME A STAR SHE HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO GIVE AS MUCH TIME TO SCIENCE STUDIES AS SHE'D LIKE

INTO a Los Angeles pet shop, four years ago, walked a twelve-year old girl in a cheap cotton dress and ankle socks. Her hair, tied back with a ribbon, framed a fresh, eager, young face. Her eyes sparkled as she munched peanuts from a paper bag, stared in wonderment at a brilliant parrot chattering above her.

"All set to get yourself a bird?" boomed a big, hearty man in shirt sleeves.

The girl, whose name was

Edna Mae, turned serious eyes on the storekeeper. "No, sir, I'm looking for a dog."

"A dog, eh?" the storekeeper chuckled. "Well, I'll wager we've got just the one you want somewhere here." He shuffled to the show window, pointed a forefinger towards the first cage. "Now there's a right pert young Pekingese—got a pedigree, too. Or you might fancy a Boston terrier."

As he moved on to the next pen, Edna Mae bent over and offered the pug-nosed beauty one of her peanuts. The Pekingese sniffed daintily and walked away in disdain.

"These baby Bostons over here are kinda shy," the big man was explaining, "but they make loyal little pets." A telephone shrilled from the back of the shop and he waddled off.

Edna Mae took her rejected peanut and poked it through the wire of the next cage. "Here, puppies," she whispered. "Come here!" But the sleek little black-and-white pups piled into the farthest corner. She sighed and turned to the next pen.

A white poodle danced with excitement as she held out a fresh peanut. He licked it up and ran to the other end of his cage. There he rolled it around in his mouth and spit it out on the sawdust.

Edna Mae shrugged her shoulders and turned to stare into the last cage. A young pup with long, silken black hair

was regarding her with wistful brown eyes.

"Want a peanut?" She held her breath as he soberly took her offering and swallowed it. A smile curved her lips as he accepted a second and a third. She was trying to stroke her chosen puppy through the wire mesh when a deep voice almost startled her.

"Got your eye on that youngster?" the storekeeper asked. "Couldn't give you a pedigree for her, but whether she turns out shepherd, spaniel, or what, she'll be a right pretty dog. She's only two dollars."

The girl pulled out a worn leather coin purse from a pocket in her dress. "That's just how much I have," she laughed. "May I take her now?"

"Sure thing!" The big man, stuffing away the two bills, unlatched the cage door. Edna Mae scooped the silky pup

into her arms. Her eyes shone with happiness as she smiled her sweet, little-girl smile. "I know we're going to be great friends, aren't we—Tippy!" she whispered into a floppy black ear.

Since then a fairy godmother has waved a magic wand over Edna Mae Durbin's head. Her first name was changed to *Deanna* to create a name as musical as her voice. The cheap cotton frock became the smartest of sports dresses. The modest Los Angeles home of her parents was transformed into a mansion in Hollywood.

Her name blazes around the world in electric lights, her devoted fans are numbered in the millions.

Deanna loves to sing, and, at fifteen, Laurence Tibbett has called her "the modern Jenny Lind." She enjoys acting, too, and is rated one of the most talented young stars in the cinema world. And yet, in spite of the changes the last few years have wrought, Deanna Durbin remains essentially the unspoiled, democratic, and completely charming little girl of the pet shop.

Here's the article you've been asking for—about the rise to fame of the "girl with the grown-up voice"—Deanna Durbin



DEANNA AND HER BRET HARTE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL MATES ARE AS TYPICAL A GROUP OF AMERICAN GIRLS AS YOUR OWN FRIENDS. DO YOU RECOGNIZE HER, SEATED AT THE LEFT?

If you could stop her long enough to ask, "What is your greatest interest in life?" she would reach down to pat the shaggy black dog beside her. "Why, Tippy is!" she would say. "Tippy is my greatest interest in life!"

Sweet, unsophisticated, talented—Deanna fascinates all who meet her in real life, or on the screen. Was it just luck, or planned hard work, that brought her where she is to-day? What is back of such a sudden leap into fame? The true life story of Deanna Durbin reads like a Cinderella fairy tale.

She was born on a cold Canadian night in Winnipeg, December 4, 1922, to an English blacksmith and his quiet wife. The happy, blue-eyed baby, christened Edna Mae, was sturdy and healthy from the start.

By the next year Mr. Durbin decided that he had weathered enough bitter Northern winters. He packed up his wife, his ten-year-old daughter, Edith, and the baby who was destined to be renamed "Deanna." They headed south for a new home in a sunnier climate, settled in a tiny house in Los Angeles.

It didn't take Mr. Durbin long to find out that, as a blacksmith, he would have a hard time supporting his family in the new home. He turned to the real-estate business and had better luck. He didn't make a lot of money, but at least the little family had enough to eat and clothes to wear.

Long before the silky-haired baby was able to talk, her mother found her crooning "baby music" to herself. By the time she was two, she was toddling about the house, bubbling over with snatches of familiar lullabies. Deanna herself can remember, when she was only four, standing primly before company in the Durbin living room to sing the nursery rhymes her mother had taught her.

No one saw anything unusual in the clear little voice that kept so amazingly on key, and baby Edna Mae was left to live the normal life of any child. She started in at the Manchester Avenue school at six, attending for all six grades. Ask her sometime if she ever played hookey; she will smile and say, "Why should I? I liked school!"

How did you spend your time when you were in

grammar school? Whatever things you did, if you were an average girl, they were probably the same things that Edna Mae did. Playing with dolls, "make-believe" tea parties (with hot water in the toy teapot), jacks, roller-skating, dress-up parties where you played "drop-the-handkerchief" and "pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey," and carried home your favors and a piece of frosted cake in a party napkin—all these things Edna Mae did as just another member of the neighborhood "gang."

One of the favorite games, when the "gang" got together for an evening hour before dark, was "Kick the Can." Perhaps in your section of the country they called it "Tin Can," or "Duck on the Rock"; but, whatever its name, it was always good for a fast, hilarious hour of good times. Deanna chuckles over the memory of a pink-cheeked girl with short pigtailed flying, kicking and running, laughing and shouting as fast and as loud as the rest.

The most remarkable thing about Deanna's childhood was her persistence in sticking to one great ambition. Most girls switch from one ambition to another as easily as they change dresses, but Deanna has never wavered in her desire to be an opera star. For a long time this desire was a hazy one. It was

a goal, a beautiful dream; it wasn't anything you could actually expect to fit into real life. She never confided these dreams to her mother, or even to her big sister, Edith. But there was a lumpy rag doll whose shoe-button eyes bulged with the secrets it held, and a baby doll with a chipped bisque nose who responded with a soft "Maa-maaa" as the little mother built her air castles in song.

Did you ever play in those school theatricals the grammar school classes give for the mothers of the pupils? Deanna did. Sometimes she was just one of the fairies, or maybe she would play the part of George Washington's mother (if it were February play), or, once in a while, the "wicked step-mother," or the old witch. But, most of the time, she would be the beautiful princess, or the lovely little Cinderella—never dreaming she would some day play those rôles in real life.

One day, when ten-year-old Edna Mae thought she was home alone, her sister Edith heard her clear, sweet voice singing,

*"Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine—"*



WHEN SHE WAS ONLY FOUR, SHE REMEMBERS STANDING PRIMLY TO SING HER NURSERY RHYMES FOR COMPANY

DEANNA ENJOYS GIVING A BATH TO "TIPPY," HER BEST PAL, A SHAGGY BLACK DOG WHO DOES NOT SEEM TO LIKE THE PROCEEDINGS AS MUCH AS SHE DOES



Edith was surprised at the untrained beauty in her little sister's voice. That night, after Edna Mae had scrubbed her face and brushed her hair and tumbled drowsily into bed, the rest of the family held a conference in the living room below.

"I know her voice has tremendous possibilities," Edith was saying. "She could have a career ahead of her."

"It seems hard to imagine our little girl an opera singer," Mrs. Durbin murmured. "But she does have the determination to carry through with things."

Mr. Durbin shook his head. "I wish we could help her right away, and I know she'd do justice to any lessons we managed for her, but I just don't see how—"

"Listen, Dad," Edith put in, "I will be teaching school this fall and I can manage lessons out of my salary. She must be given her chance!"

So Edna Mae began to take singing lessons from a private teacher, enjoying every hour she spent in practice. She joined the choir of the community church and often sang a simple hymn to the appreciative congregation.

Still, although her friends and neighbors loved to hear her sing, none of them thought of her as unusual. Her life flowed on, filled with normal, everyday happenings. She graduated from grammar school and enrolled at Bret Harte junior high. Many of her classmates can remember her sitting at the student cashier's desk in the cafeteria, giving out change and friendly smiles with equal promptness.

There were football games and parties and shows with this boy and that. Her life spread out ahead of her as a series of good times, school work to be done, music lessons to be mastered—and, as ever, the ideal of an operatic career vaguely shaping the future. Then one night came the turning point in



AT RIGHT: DEANNA SINGS AS SHE BICYCLES AROUND THE MOVIE LOT. BELOW: SHE IS AS POPULAR WITH THE WORKERS ON THE SET AS SHE IS ON THE SCREEN, BECAUSE SHE'S ALWAYS SWEET-TEMPERED AND CHEERFUL, GOOD QUALITIES IN ANY GIRL



MRS. DURBIN AND EDITH, DEANNA'S MOTHER AND SISTER, ENJOY A VISIT WITH THE YOUNG STAR BETWEEN SCENES. NOTICE DEANNA'S STAND-IN, DRESSED IN IDENTICAL CLOTHES, SITTING IN THE BACKGROUND AT RIGHT

the even trend of her life, the first step in her film career.

The M. G. M. motion picture studios were filming the life story of Madame Schumann-Heink. The star of the picture was to be Madame Schumann-Heink herself, but they had searched in vain for the right youngster to play the great singer as a child. A talent scout named Jack Sherrill had been seeking such a girl for the studio for some time when he received a note from a neighbor of Deanna's. She had heard of his quest, the note explained, and wanted him to attend a neighborhood recital that evening to hear Deanna sing. For several hours Mr. Sherrill was undecided whether or not to cancel an important engagement in favor of a little unknown—but he finally went.

To please her sister, Deanna sang "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes." Before she was half through, Mr. Sherrill knew his search was ended.

Deanna was given a screen test and, soon after, a contract. It was to be renewed or dropped every three months, and it paid one hundred and fifty dollars a week—an almost incredible sum to the hard-working Durbins.

The family was delighted. Now Deanna would have her chance to make good! But after two months the beloved Madame Schumann-Heink died. The picture was dropped; Deanna was dropped. She went back to school, and her life went on as before.

Finally Mr. Sherrill went to the Universal Studios and talked officials into giving her a screen test. "She is a natural!" he told them. "She'll be the screen's singing sensation of the year!"

Universal hired her. Deanna again dropped school and was tutored on the lot. Best of all, she was sent for vocal lessons to Andre de Segurola, who was a Metropolitan star before he began teaching singers.

It wasn't long afterwards that Eddie Cantor chanced to hear the voice of Universal's undeveloped find. He invited Deanna to sing with Bobbie Breen, as a guest star on his radio program. The great radio audience took her to its heart immediately. Thousands of letters swamped the studio; everyone wanted to know more about the little girl with the beautiful, mature voice.

The studio finally put her in a picture called "Three Smart Girls." It was just (Continued on page 35)



WHERE IGNORANCE WAS BLISS

By MARJORIE PARADIS

Illustrated
by MERLE
REED

THE four-fifty train which had started from Boston in a sleet storm drew into the Glen station, a fairyland of moonlit snow.

"Isn't it too utterly utter!" breathed Adele, as the party of five alighted on the icy platform. "What bliss to exchange the agony of college for the ecstasy of winter sports!"

"Swell," agreed Midge and flashed an appreciative smile at Mrs. Hamilton, Bud's mother. "It was wonderful of you to include us."

Mrs. Hamilton, pretty and plump, patted Midge's shoulder. She had invited the Bennett girls to accompany Bud and her nephew, Quentin, for a week-end in New Hampshire, and now she explained with a laugh, "I want you youngsters to ski scientifically instead of learning by the bump and bruise method, the way I did; and there's no better ski school in the country than Franz Kraus's."

"You're dead right, Aunt Sally," affirmed Tin, and drew a deep breath. "Sniff that air!"

A bumpy yellow suburban rattled them over the icy road to the River Edge Inn, a small hostelry kept by a couple of young college men and filled to capacity, primarily with their friends. On one side of the center hall a ping pong tournament progressed to the clatter of square ski boots on bare boards, while from the opposite direction came the strains of the *Pilgrim's Chorus* from the radio and everywhere emanated the spirit of merriment.

After the newcomers had sipped hot cocoa before a blazing fire and were so warm they tingled, one of the proprietors fitted them to skis and taught them how to wax them. "A pre-school requisite," he said with a grin, "like getting vaccinated."

By dinner time they had been introduced to all the other guests and, in the contagion of friendliness, called them all by their Christian names. Even Mrs. Hamilton, who was one of the few mature persons there, answered merrily to the salutation of "Sally."

At the dinner table, however, despite the youthful atmosphere, conversation soared over Midge's head. They talked about "schussing," "a stem turn," a "christie." And forever they quoted Franz Kraus. "Franz Kraus said this," "Franz Kraus thinks that—."

A ski school in the White Mountains, a handsome Austrian instructor, a glow in Adele's eye—and we leave it to you if Midge doesn't come out the winner!



"I guess maybe Franz Kraus is pretty good," she commented to a Harvard senior next her.

"Good? Good! Austria lost its best skier when he came to America. He won in the Olympics. He's the Einstein of the ski world! The Kraus Ski School equals Oxford for quality and excels it for practicality."

"It's a lucky break for you-all, comin' to-night," added Rosy Lee, a soft-voiced Virginia girl from Wellesley. "He's bringin' one of his ski movies."

"Really! Here?" Midge asked, amazed at the democracy of such a celebrity.

"Why not?" scoffed Adele. "I'm sure we're the cream of America. Where would he find any better pupils?"

While they waited for Franz Kraus after dinner, Midge and Tin skated on a flooded field at the side of the house. Their inky shadows in the moonlight made animated silhouettes.

Midge looked across the white valley to the Presidential range, the summits of the mountains lost in the night sky.

"I suppose the great Franz can zoom right down the side of Mount Washington."

"Poof! What's that? Wait until we've had our first lesson and those ant hills won't

satisfy us," boasted Tin, whirling her around on her skates.

Her laugh fluttered in the icy air like a banner and she repeated it for the sheer pleasure of the sound.

"Hist, he cometh," announced Quentin and they ground their blades to a respectful immobility.

Midge had pictured the Austrian in a mortar-board and gown, handing out diplomas, but watching him leap from the car and spring up the porch steps, she, too, became a Kraus enthusiast. Big he was, broad of shoulders, gaily attired in a bright blue ski jacket elaborately braided, with a long feather in his soft felt hat. A Robin Hood of the snow!

Most of the audience that evening sat on the floor, and no group of zealots could have shown greater interest. On the screen they watched skilled skiers swoop down Tuckerman's Ravine in a cloud of snowdust, saw them leap over rocks, skim the side of precipices, turn right angles, and tack like sail boats. The herring-bone tracks of the skis, as they ascended, embroidered the snow; so did their scallops traced in the downward plunges.

Now and then, in answer to a question, Franz stopped the machine and demonstrated his reply by slow motion which almost hurt Midge with its sensuous beauty. At the end of the lecture, she felt as if she could lash on the skis and keep pace with the best of them.

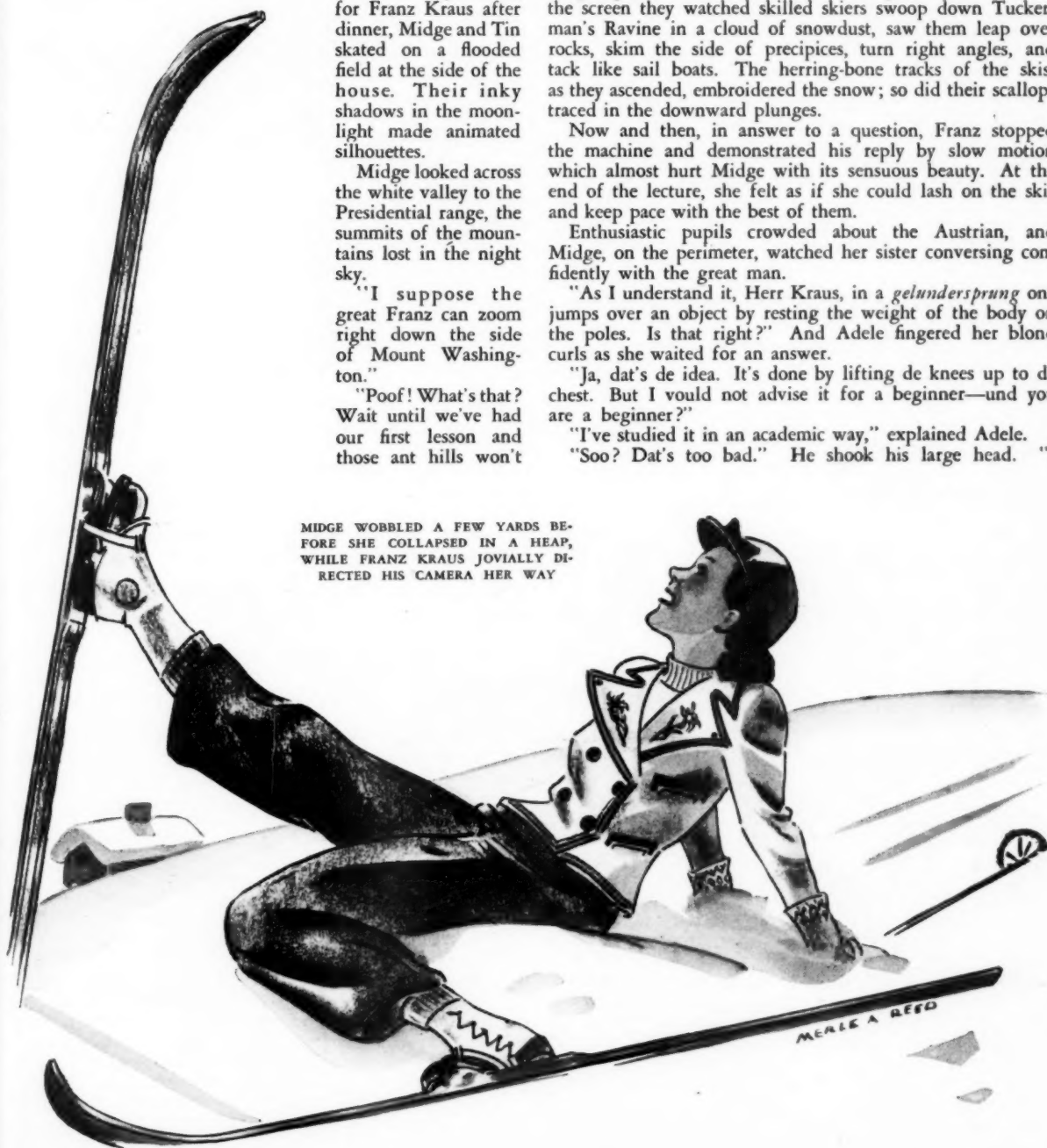
Enthusiastic pupils crowded about the Austrian, and Midge, on the perimeter, watched her sister conversing confidently with the great man.

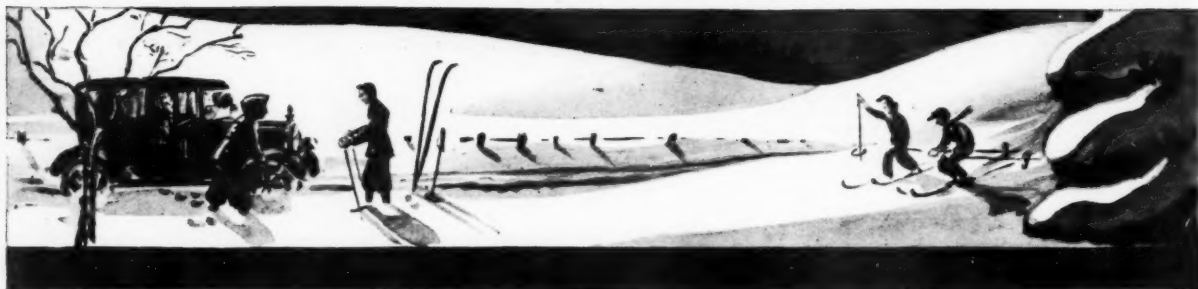
"As I understand it, Herr Kraus, in a *gelundersprung* one jumps over an object by resting the weight of the body on the poles. Is that right?" And Adele fingered her blond curls as she waited for an answer.

"Ja, dat's de idea. It's done by lifting de knees up to de chest. But I would not advise it for a beginner—and you are a beginner?"

"I've studied it in an academic way," explained Adele. "Soo? Dat's too bad." He shook his large head. "I

MIDGE WOBBLLED A FEW YARDS BEFORE SHE COLLAPSED IN A HEAP, WHILE FRANZ KRAUS JOVIALY DIRECTED HIS CAMERA HER WAY





ADELE AND BUD CAME SWOOPING DOWN THE ROAD TOWARDS MIDGE AND QUENTIN WHERE THEY STOOD BY THE CAR

vant a beginner—a charming beginner—so I could make a movie, and show vat progress is possible under my tuition.”

“Oh, but I’ve never actually skied,” Adele hastened to explain. “Though naturally, being so terribly interested in the sport, I’ve given it considerable study. I’d adore having you teach me.”

“Who wouldn’t?” Midge whispered to Tin.

“Unless,” sighed Adele, looking wistfully at the instructor, “you think my horrible big nose would ruin any picture.”

“Feeding him honey with a fur spoon,” whispered Midge.

“Your nose big? No bigger dan dat,” asserted Franz, measuring off a fraction of his little finger. “Und a color film it must be, to show de taffee hair. To-morrow I will go to Conway und buy it. You will be back from school by twelve-t’irty. So watch for me. Remember, charming princess, it is a date.”

As the two girls undressed in their icy bedroom, Adele, shivering so she could scarcely manipulate the half hundred bobby pins that secured her curls each night, remarked with an effort to sound casual, “I’m really amazed and pleased at Herr Kraus. Imagine winning an Olympic medal, and being as human as he is.”

“Yes, he’s the cats all right,” Midge pulled woolen socks over her flannel pajama legs, worked herself into a turtle neck sweater, hesitated, then plunged into her polo coat and slipped under a pile of blankets. “Wish I had yellow hair and he was teaching *me* to-morrow.”

“My hair has nothing to do with it,” corrected Adele, dipping her finger into the pitcher and dampening the blond locks. “He realized my innate intelligence from my conversation. Naturally he wants someone who will learn rapidly, and he saw I understood the fundamentals of the sport.”

“*You!*” jeered Midge. “You don’t know any more about skiing than I do—and that’s nothing.”

“I hate to disagree with you, precious.”

“Where did you ever learn anything about skiing, excepting to-night?” challenged Midge.

“Some people are born with knowledge,” explained Adele blandly.

“Huh, must make life a re-hash, like Monday’s dinner,” scoffed the younger sister; but, turning over, she dreamed it was herself the great Kraus had selected for his picture.

Ski school began at ten in the morning. A bus conveyed most of the pupils, but Midge and Tin, impatient to do some practicing, refused to wait. They started off ahead, taking a short cut.

Fresh snow drifted lazily from a bright sky and filled the ridges of the wash-board road, creaking noisily under their ski boots.

“Don’t you love the sound, Tin? Isn’t everything magnificent?” Midge flung her mittened hand in a wide arc and chanted:

*“Oh what fun
To be a pengwun!”*

They were the only spots of color in the white New Hampshire valley, Quentin in his bright parka and Midge in her poppy red one, and they felt as gay as they looked.

The road had a slight but steady ascent which pumped the breath out of their bodies, nevertheless they valiantly maintained their rapid stride, determined not to lose a minute of priceless time.

“Look! The sun’s out,” panted Midge, hitching the skis and poles higher on her shoulder. “It’ll be perfect for Adele’s picture.”

“If you’d tossed out a little fancy talk he might have selected you,” said Quentin. “Adele’ll be about as graceful as a pigeon-toed duck on skis.”

“But her hair will look swell in a color picture.”

“Hair, heck! It’s hoofs that count.” He looked at his wrist watch. “Hadn’t we better speed up a bit? I have a hunch we’ll be later than the bus.”

FOR a mile they tramped at full speed, without wasting breath on conversation until they approached a parked automobile.

“Someone’s in trouble,” lamented Midge. “Must we stop and help?”

“It’s only a flat,” predicted Quentin, for they could see the driver crouched in the snow beside the front wheel. “And if it has a removable rim, like my old gal, I can get it off in a jiffy.”

Not until they had almost reached the car of ancient vintage did they realize that the driver was a woman, an elderly woman with faded, frightened eyes. She had jacked up the axle and now struggled with a stubborn nut.

“Here, let me do that,” volunteered Quentin.

“I hate to keep you back from your fun, but I am in an awful hurry,” admitted the woman. “Maybe the nut’s rusty. I don’t guess we’ve had a flat for a couple of years.”

She was right in her theory. The nut *was* rusty—they all were—and even Quentin, with his brawn, found it impossible to loosen more than two.

“If you had a little oil,” he suggested, and the grateful owner climbed back into the car to search the tool chest.

Midge and Quentin exchanged anguished glances. Time—precious, valuable time—was slipping by. Their wordless lament ended in a resigned shrug. They couldn’t desert anybody in such a situation.

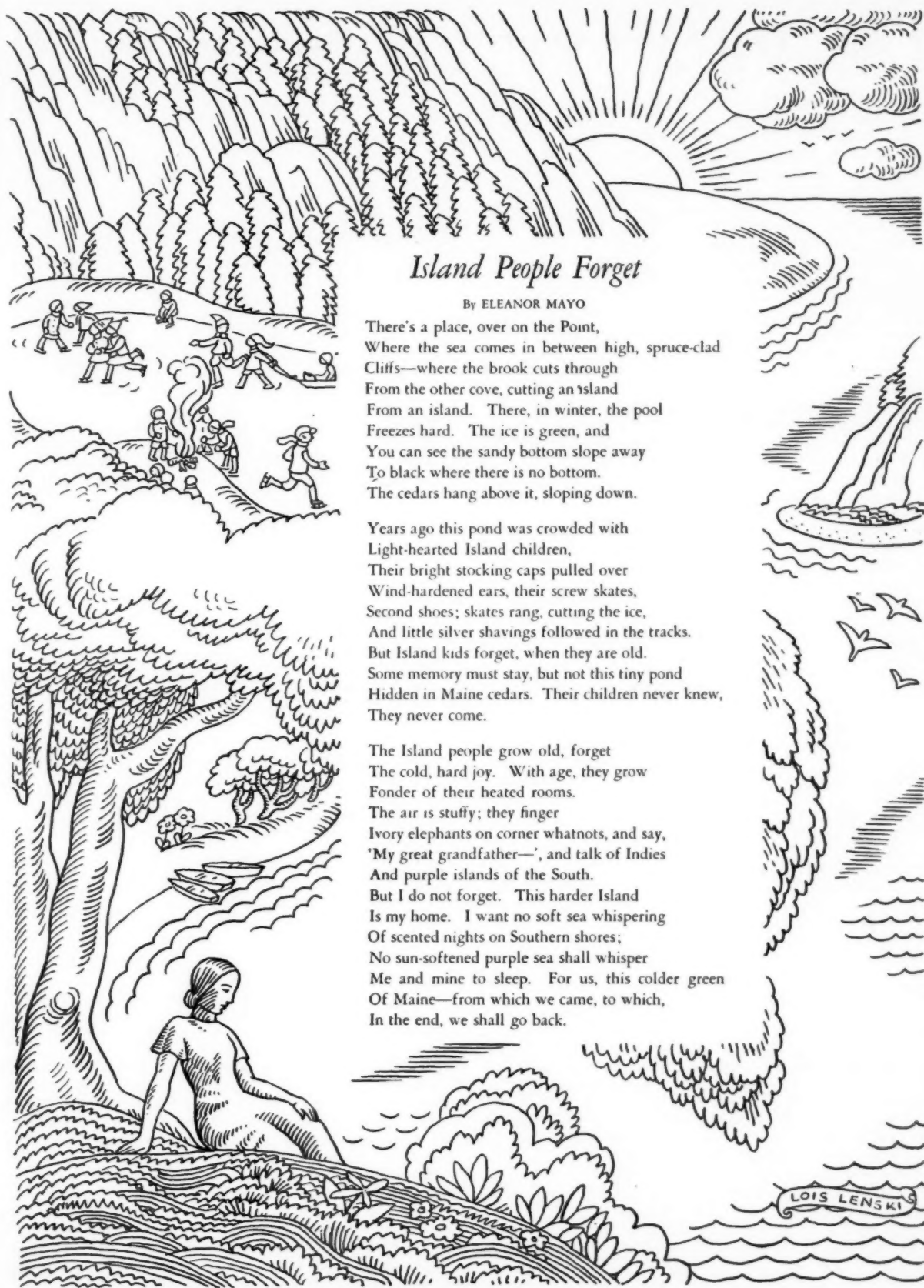
The oil can was finally produced. Tin made the woman sit in the car, but Midge insisted on helping him. She oiled the nuts on the spare while he worked on the wheel.

It was tedious work, and they both realized, when at last the third nut had been placed on the running board, that there would be little schooling for them that morning.

“Please go on. I’ll manage,” called the woman through a broken window.

“Suppose we find a garage?” suggested Midge.

“Oh, no,” refused the stranded woman. “There ain’t none closer than four miles, and they’d charge a heap. I kin do it myself—only my daughter’s sick in (Continued on page 43)



Island People Forget

By ELEANOR MAYO

There's a place, over on the Point,
Where the sea comes in between high, spruce-clad
Cliffs—where the brook cuts through
From the other cove, cutting an island
From an island. There, in winter, the pool
Freezes hard. The ice is green, and
You can see the sandy bottom slope away
To black where there is no bottom.
The cedars hang above it, sloping down.

Years ago this pond was crowded with
Light-hearted Island children,
Their bright stocking caps pulled over
Wind-hardened ears, their screw skates,
Second shoes; skates rang, cutting the ice,
And little silver shavings followed in the tracks.
But Island kids forget, when they are old.
Some memory must stay, but not this tiny pond
Hidden in Maine cedars. Their children never knew,
They never come.

The Island people grow old, forget
The cold, hard joy. With age, they grow
Fonder of their heated rooms.
The air is stuffy; they finger
Ivory elephants on corner whatnots, and say,
'My great grandfather—', and talk of Indies
And purple islands of the South.
But I do not forget. This harder Island
Is my home. I want no soft sea whispering
Of scented nights on Southern shores;
No sun-softened purple sea shall whisper
Me and mine to sleep. For us, this colder green
Of Maine—from which we came, to which,
In the end, we shall go back.

I HAVE A SYSTEM

SARA HEMINGWAY lay on the floor and conducted the business meeting of the sophomore class. It was an evening meeting, and the sophomores were comfortably disposed around the third-floor parlor in pajamas and bathrobes.

"Secretary will please read the minutes," said Sara, dangling a scarlet mule from one toe.

Honey Ann snapped the last shiny curler on her head, and got up, ruffling her notebook. "Let's see, when was the last meeting? I don't seem to have any minutes, darling. Oh, I know—we had the dinner-meeting last time, and I didn't trouble to take down any minutes."

"Any corrections or objections? Minutes are accepted as if read. Any old business?"

"Madame President," said a cold, stiff voice.

Sara turned her head. "Yes, Thomasine?"

"I am the chairman of the play committee. Would you care to have a report?"

"Sure!" said Sara.

Thomasine, a short, slight girl with blond hair combed back tight into a roll, held up a typed sheet and began in a crisp monotone, "Report of Play Committee. Twenty plays were read by this committee, the names of which are on file for reference. Four plays were submitted by committee members, and voted on. The play, *Wings in the Morning*, by K. N. Brownfield, published in 1927 by Bryce Brothers, New York, was chosen, with three affirmative votes and one negative vote. Report submitted by Chairman, Thomasine Webb."

Sara raised up on her elbow and regarded Thomasine with intent blue eyes. Then she heaved a short, gusty sigh and said, "Report accepted. I appoint you Properties and Costume Manager for the play, Thomasine. Reading of the play and tryouts will be Friday at four in the auditorium. If there's no further business, meeting is adjourned."

Without waiting for response or objection, she scrambled up from the floor and stalked out, pulling her navy blue bathrobe around her.

"What's the matter with Sara?" asked Honey Ann, her round white forehead wrinkling anxiously under her bristling headdress of curlers.

"How should any sane person know?" inquired Louise, sliding down from a sedate seat on top of the piano. "Well, we'd better go and see."

The door of the third-floor parlor shut behind them, cutting off the rising clamor of sophomores enjoying themselves. Then the door opened, letting out a burst of sound, and closed again quickly. Leaving, as usual, as soon as the business was over, Thomasine, in her lonely way, scurried down the hall behind Honey Ann and Louise.

Honey Ann came to her own door, opened it, and paused in surprise to find the room dark. As she and Lou stood for a moment in the doorway, hesitating, a sob came out of the dimness.

Louise quickly snapped on the light, and as quickly snapped it off again. The moment of brightness had revealed Sara on her knees before the window, with her arms crossed on the sill and her head bowed.

"Why—why, Sara darling!" Honey Ann cried in distress, stumbling across the room. "Why—Sara, what's the matter?"

Sara sniffed. "It just got me, that's all," she said. "A year and a half we've been in college together, and look at all the fun we've had!"

Honey sat down heavily on the bed. Louise said dryly,

Sara's system was all her own—perhaps that's why it succeeded! Another college story by the author of "And Lose It If You Want To"

ELEANOR
HULL



Illustrated
by
RUTH KING

"A year and a half we've been in college together, Sara, and you can still knock me galley-west with one remark!"

"But why shouldn't we have had fun, Sweetie?" Honey Ann asked plaintively. "Seems right nice to me."

"Oh, it's not us—it's Thomasine!" Sara cried, jumping up and striding across the room. "She's been here a year and a half, too, and what fun has she had? I don't think she's ever had any fun in her life. You know, her parents were almost as old as grandparents when she was born, and were both of them noted chemists! Imagine! How could she have any fun?"

"She doesn't want to have fun," said Louise. "She just wants to keep everything in a list."

"I've even seen her taking notes at the dinner table," Honey Ann confided. "Honest, I think she writes down all the food she eats! She gets worse and worse."

"That's just it! She gets worse and worse," Sara cried despairingly. "All this time, we've never helped her the least bit. I feel sort of responsible, because Mrs. Curtis introduced me to her the first week of school, and afterwards told me all about how she needed to be adjusted. Mrs. Curtis sort of put it up to me. Of course, I was young then, just a frosh. I thought Thomasine was queer and laughed at her and left her alone. If she's got worse and worse, whose fault is it? Why, she hasn't even had a roommate for two semesters!"

"But she wanted to be left alone," Louise protested. "I remember when you used to ask her to feeds and things, and she always said, 'No, I have to study,' or 'What would be the benefit in that?' and shut the door in your face."



"OH, IT'S NOT US—IT'S THOMASINE!" SARA CRIED, JUMPING UP AND STRIDING ACROSS THE ROOM. "I DON'T THINK SHE'S EVER HAD ANY FUN AT ALL IN HER WHOLE LIFE"

"I asked her about twice," said Sara, "and then forgot all about her. What can Mrs. Curtis think of me? Well, it's not too late." She drew a long breath and stopped her pacing suddenly, a thin, determined silhouette against the pale window. "Lou, you're so darned sensible there's no use asking you. So, Honey Ann, it's up to us. We're both too nice. We ought to have been divided up long ago. Will you move in with Thomasine to-morrow, or shall I?"

The air left Honey Ann's lungs with an audible rush. After a moment she found trembling voice. "Now, that's not funny, Sara. Honest, you go too far. We've roomed together three semesters now, and I never thought I'd live to see the day when you'd put me out, or move out on me, either."

Sara reached over and gave her an impatient, fond shake. "Listen, silly, it's a noble self-sacrifice. Don't you understand? We've got to give Thomasine one jolly semester at least to remember. It had better be me, because, after all, it's my job, and besides I'd jar her worse than you would."

LOUISE got up, turned on the light, and looked around the room with satisfaction. "I'll move in here with Honey, then," she said. "I always did want to live in this room."

"Well," said Sara doubtfully, "I did think maybe Honey would move in with that unbearable Jones frosh. *She's* a problem."

"Honey's too kind-hearted to reform anybody," Louise assured her comfortably. "I think I'll put my Japanese print here between the windows."

Sara talked to Thomasine, and to Mrs. Curtis, the wife of the president, the next morning. By afternoon she was beginning to pack.

"I feel as if it were a death or something," mourned

Honey Ann. "I did hope Mrs. Curtis wouldn't let you do it, or that Thomasine wouldn't have you."

"Mrs. Curtis smiled that lovely smile upon me," said Sara, turning her dresser drawer upside down over her suitcase with one casual gesture. "She told me some more about Thomasine. Honestly, the poor girl was raised in an incubator. Thomasine told me she'd prefer to pay extra and live alone, but she was obliged to submit to the ruling of the dean. I'll only be next door, Honey. We can be together as much as ever."

"I'll help you get settled," said Honey gloomily.

Thomasine was studying when they carried the first load in. The room was immaculate: one bed stood naked in its mattress; one open closet door showed empty hangers; one half the table was stark and bare. The dresser carried only a plain scarf, a clock, and a small card catalog. Two metal filing cabinets stood side by side, and a calendar without a picture hung on the wall.

Thomasine nodded to them, rose, opened a drawer of one of the filing cases, and, with a precise gesture, took out a folder.

"The top and bottom dresser drawers are yours," she said. "If you'll name the articles as you put them in, I'll write them down."

"Write them down?" Sara gasped, setting down her suitcase.

"Yes. I always make inventories of my roommates' things and mine, so there's no possibility of doubt, when we move, as to the possession of any article."

Sara's face turned red, and then she began to laugh. Thomasine looked up at her inquiringly, looked down while she wrote a title on her paper, and then glanced at Honey Ann, whose mouth was slightly open.

"Does she often burst out laughing, like that, without any reason?" Thomasine asked.

"Thomasine, Thomasine, my cabbage, we're going to get along!" Sara snorted, conquering her laughter by degrees. "O. K., here's your list. Number one: glass elephant full of bath salts, given me two years ago by my young cousins, Harold and Jack. May I present it to you? Two: a package of noodles. Three: hot water bottle from Aunt Susan. Four—"

Honey Ann backed out, round-eyed, while Sara continued to chatter a bright stream, and Thomasine calmly to write. Sara finished dumping the first load, and looked over her shoulder. "How do you keep up with me?" she asked.

"I have a shorthand system of my own," said Thomasine. "It's much clearer and simpler than the commercial ones. And then, of course, I omit all your irrelevant details."

Sara turned on her, brilliant blue eyes flashing.

"Do you know, that's where you're all wrong!" she said. "The irrelevant details are the most interesting things in life!"

Thomasine sighed gently. "You're a friendly girl," she

said, "but you have no system. No wonder you couldn't get along with your roommate."

Sara chuckled. "Oh, I have a system, all right. Only it's as deep and mysterious as—as—oh, you know, that old place in Crete or somewhere."

Thomasine gazed at her steadily for a moment, got up and went to her filing cabinet, opened a drawer, and extracted a folder.

"This is my file of general information," she remarked. "The other is my file of specific notes for classes. On my dresser is my catalog for Daily Duties." Then she read, "The Labyrinth of King Minos," returned the folder, and sat down again.

"That's right, my system is as mysterious as the Labyrinth of King Minos," said Sara. "And it's going to break you down yet, just the way the Minotaur got broken down by—who was it?—Oh, well, never mind," she added hastily as Thomasine patiently put down her pencil and started to get up. "Don't look it up. Look here, Thomasine, do you get any fun out of college?"

"I am not an extrovert," said Thomasine. "I may not have what you call fun, but there are other things in life besides running and shouting."

At that moment the alarm clock on the dresser went off, causing Sara to jump violently.

Thomasine rose and put on her jacket. "That's to remind me to go down and get some notebook paper before the bookstore closes," she said. "Well, good-by."

Sara stared after her with a puzzled expression. Maybe that was all there was to it! "Talk about Don Quixote," she murmured ruefully. "He had it all over me. A stone wall is worse to tilt at than windmills. But, just the same, I bet I break her down!" She opened the Daily Duty catalog on the dresser and looked at the top card. "She's studying all evening," she murmured with satisfaction. "That will give us time."

"But what will she say?" Honey asked after dinner, regarding with distress a scarlet pennant that she had just draped above Thomasine's white bed. "Oh, my, and all those terrible pillows and dolls you're putting on your bed, Sara. If you'd just use the little ruffled ones."

"It's got to look like a college room," Sara said relentlessly, setting a spotted elephant on top of a foam of ruffles. "I hate the ruffles worst myself. But the atmosphere of this room was enough to chill a person to the gizzard. No wonder she's peculiar. Now when she comes in after study hall and finds it like this, and all of us in here eating toasted tuna sandwiches, and herself the center of it all—you'll just see, she'll feel different. I believe I'll put this velvet frog on Thomasine's bed—it looks so left out."

Honey shivered as the grinning frog cushion landed irreverently on Thomasine's marble-smooth pillow.

By nine o'clock, when free-hour bell rang, all was prepared. "And there she comes!" Honey murmured hysterically, beating the fudge harder as a quick, familiar step came down the hall.

Lou opened the toaster and a delicious smell of warm tuna floated out; Jerry cocked an eye and assumed a rakish pose; Sara waited with happy expectation.

Thomasine opened the door.

For a moment she paused as if she thought she'd come into the wrong room.

"Surprise!" Sara cried, beaming. "This is a roommate-warming, for you!"

Thomasine's eyes and lips had narrowed. She didn't move from the doorsill. She looked steadily at Sara.

"Do what you like with your part of the room," she said, "and leave me to do likewise. You may entertain your friends here till ten o'clock—but if there's any disorder after that I shall be obliged to report it." She turned away, closing the door firmly behind her.

"Well," murmured Louise.

"The gal ain't human," protested Jerry.

"Oh, darling, if only you hadn't gone and done it!" cried Honey Ann.

"Whew!" said Sara. "One up for Thomasine. Well, let's hurry and eat the food, or it—and we—will be confiscated." She laughed.

But it wasn't always easy to laugh. The days went by, and still Sara was wakened every morning at six-thirty by the nasal whine of the alarm, and opened her eyes on the bare neatness of Thomasine's side of the room, so
(Continued on page 46)



THOMASINE LOOKED SEVERELY AT THE SPECTACLE OF SARA FANTASTICALLY WAVING HER LONG BARE WRISTS

BE PREPARED



for WINTER SPORTS!

Some valuable pointers on clothes, comfort, and safety that will add to your fun in winter sports

By FLORENCE NELSON

AMERICA has discovered winter! For weeks now thousands of sports enthusiasts have been swarming out over the sparkling white trails—skiing, snowshoeing, hiking. Many are realizing for the first time how delightful is the combination of sun and snow and cold, when it's taken with vigorous exercise.

Just why, as a nation, we were so slow to appreciate the possibilities of winter sports it is hard to say, for our Scandinavian cousins who came to live here have long enjoyed them. Somehow we were not, in general, captured by the idea until a few seasons ago; but we've certainly made up for lost time! Now, long before Ulla, God of Winter, roars down out of the North, most of us who live in the snow belt have our sports equipment ready, and are scanning the skies for the first feathery flake. If we aren't skillful enough to do a Christiania, or cut dazzling figures on the ice, we can have plenty of fun just being duffers. It's everybody's game.

Every week-end, trains loaded with sportsters steam out of the big cities toward the snowfields. The railroads plan these excursions as carefully as the steamship companies plan their cruises.

You climb into your berth, say, on Friday evening, drop off to sleep, and—presto!—early next morning you wake in an enchanted land of ice and snow. A quick dash to the little hotel or cottage where reservations have been made for

you, piping hot breakfast, and then off for the day's sport. You return for a hearty lunch—it's important to eat big meals when you're exercising in the cold—and then you're out again for another attack on the trails.

You're advised to get back to your hostelry a good hour and a half before dinner, so that you may have a hot bath and a brisk rubdown to prevent stiffness. In the evening there is a jolly get-together; but you're off to bed early, remembering that to-morrow's another strenuous day. Returning to town the following evening, you relax after a man-sized dinner on the train, and discuss the fine points of skiing technique. Perhaps never before yesterday have you had your foot strapped to one of the unwieldy objects, but these two days have given you all the assurance of a veteran.

Girls who are lucky enough to live in, or near, a winter sports community will probably have been on skates and skis since they were tiny tots. They'll have become skillful and winter-wise, and will need no suggestions as to how to get the most enjoyment out of the various games and sports. But many of us are in the novice or nursery class, particularly as far as skiing is concerned, and unless we heed the advice of skilled sportsmen our first adventures on the icy slopes are likely to have painful consequences.

What should the beginner know about the size and weight of her skis? What points should she keep in mind as she starts her practice? What are the most practical, comfortable clothes for this active sport? It was our good fortune to be able to put these questions to Josef Lanz, son of a renowned Austrian mountain climber and sportsman, himself an ex-

AT RIGHT: SONJA HENIE EXECUTES A PIROUETTE ON SKATES. BELOW: A GROUP OF ENTHUSIASTS WAITING AT GRAND CENTRAL STATION FOR A SKI TRAIN TO THE HILLS. THEY ARE WEARING PRACTICAL SPORTS CLOTHES DESIGNED BY JOSEF LANZ OF SALZBURG



women from many countries, who came to Austria for the sports, outfitted themselves at his shop. We'd like to tell you more of this success story, but for the present let's get back to skiing.

"Make sure that you have plenty of warmth about the lower part of the body," was Mr. Lanz's first bit of advice. "First a light wool undergarment, or wool faced with cotton, and then ski pants made of gaberdine, whipcord, or similar lightweight, waterproof fabric. If you have a good substantial pair of riding breeches in your wardrobe, it's better to wear those than to take chances with materials that may get wet and soggy.

"Have your shoes large enough to accommodate two pairs of wool socks. Of course shoes should be waterproof, too, and the soles should be as stiff as possible, because a flexible sole makes skiing more difficult. Leather-bound, heavy canvas gaiters help to keep feet and ankles warm and dry.

"As to the upper part of the body," he continued, "keep your clothing as light and adjustable as possible. A wool pullover with long sleeves and a windbreaker type of jacket are usually sufficient for average weather.

All photographs by courtesy of the New York Central System, with the exception of the two of Sonja Henie, loaned by the Twentieth Century-Fox Corporation

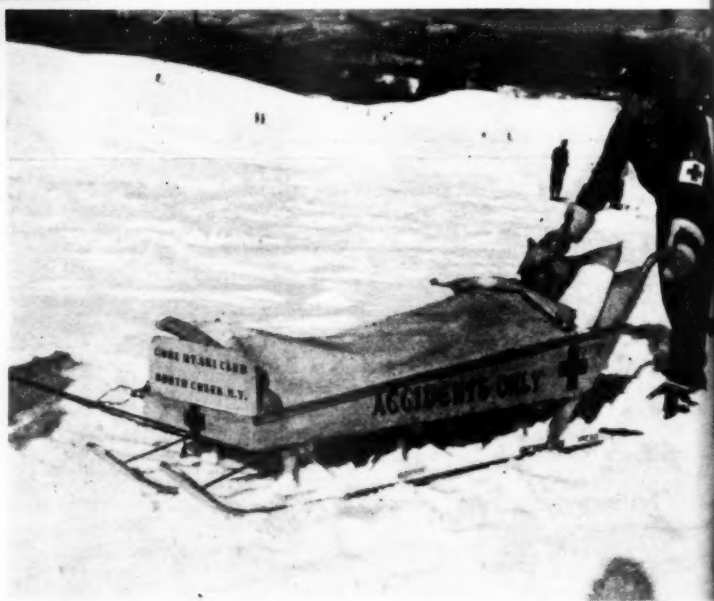
pert in these sports, and an internationally famous designer of sports clothes.

We found Mr. Lanz in his studio, surrounded by gay Tyrolean hats and fascinating costumes, and it was a bit of a struggle to keep our attention exclusively on the subject under discussion. We wanted awfully to try on that jaunty green model with the darling little wreath of wool flowers, or that peaked affair with the rakish feather. We managed, however, to get down to business, particularly as Mr. Lanz was more interested in discussing general principles applying to practical sports clothes, than the details of any special costume. In fact, it was his sense of what was practical *pour le sport* that started him on this interesting career.

Josef Lanz was very young when his father's sudden death left him facing financial problems. His interest in climbing and skiing led him to open a little shop for sports equipment in the beautiful old city of Salzburg; and soon this business was prospering.

One day, on his return from an expedition into the Alps, young Lanz decided that his climbing vest was thoroughly unsatisfactory, and that he was going to do something about it. First he wanted a smooth material that would slip easily over rough surfaces; something warm, but light. Then he would design a jacket that was as snug and trim as possible, with the sleeves set in, in such a way that the arms would be perfectly free for reaching. No sooner thought of than accomplished! The new Lanz jacket created comment in Salzburg, and soon dozens of friends, both boys and girls, were clamoring, "Please, Sepp, make us one like it!"

Somewhat to his own astonishment, Josef Lanz found himself turning out all kinds of interesting clothes, and



AN INJURED SKIER, CARRIED BY AMBULANCE FROM THE SCENE OF HER FALL

At any rate, don't bundle yourself up so heavily that your body can't breathe, and your blood can't circulate properly. If you find yourself beginning to perspire, take off a sweater. In other words, keep your body at an even temperature. Naturally, beginners will need to wear more clothing than experts. On the whole, I would say that it is better to wear too little clothing than too much, as one is more liable to take cold after perspiring freely."

On windy or severely cold days it's advisable to have special protection about the ears and face, and Mr. Lanz suggests a warm hood made with a draw string that can be pulled up snugly, so that as little as possible of the face is exposed. A small pad placed over the nose, and held there

THE BEGINNER SHOULD STICK TO THE NOVICE, OR NURSERY SLOPES LIKE THE ONE AT THE RIGHT, WITHOUT TURNS, NARROW PASSES, OR STEEP DESCENTS. THE GIRL BELOW, WE SUSPECT, WAS A BIT TOO AMBITIOUS, BUT AS LONG AS SHE CAN COME UP LAUGHING, THERE'S NO OCCASION TO WORRY ABOUT ANY BROKEN BONES



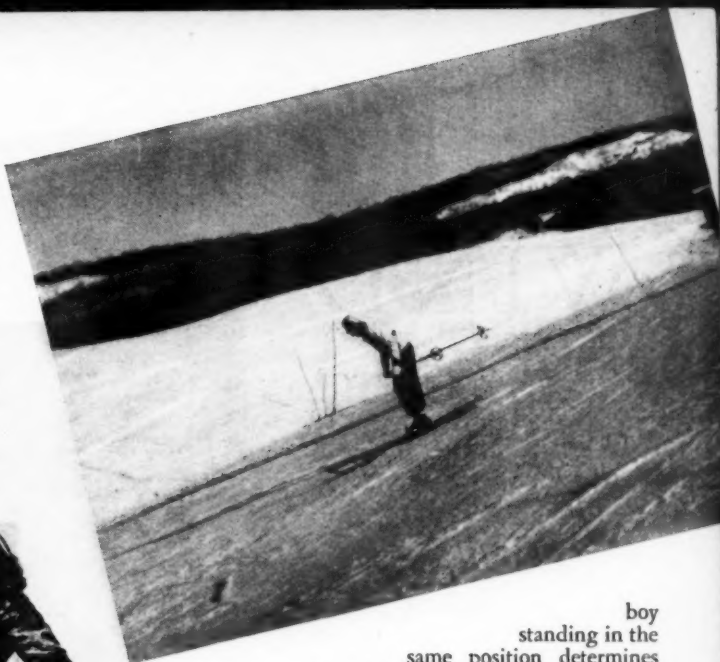
BELOW: SONJA HENIE, ALONG WITH OTHER PROFESSIONAL SKATERS, PUTS IN MANY HOURS OF DAILY EXERCISE AND PRACTICE TO KEEP HER SUPPLE GRACE



with a bit of adhesive, may be necessary in extremely cold weather. You'll need goggles, of course, but don't forget to take them off when you're making a downhill run. The risk of exposing your eyes to the sun for a few minutes is much less than that of painful injury from a shattered lens.

"In selecting your skis," said Mr. Lanz, "get the advice of an expert. Girls' skis are shorter than those used by boys. The exact length can best be determined in relation to height and strength, but a girl can easily measure the approximate length of the ski she should use in the following way:

"Stand erect and raise one arm straight toward the ceiling. The distance from the floor to your wrist is the length of the ski you should use. A



boy standing in the same position determines the length of his skis by measuring the distance from the floor to the tips of his fingers.

"Modern ski technique requires that the foot be kept quite flat, and it should be possible to raise the heel only a very short distance from the ski. The method of adjusting the foot to the ski is important, and this is one of the reasons for seeking expert advice in your choice of equipment."

In the Alpine villages, children begin to ski at the age of six. They seldom take lessons, because they constantly have the opportunity to observe their highly skilled parents and friends. Since relatively few persons in this country have such advantages Mr. Lanz believes that a week's steady instruction and practice are desirable for beginners.

"Keep at it regularly, day after day, until you have mastered the essential principles, and then you'll be much more likely to enjoy the sport, even if thereafter you can manage only an occasional expedition into the snow country. Good habits and training acquired at the start will always remain with you.

"As for jumping, that's a stunt, and one that should be attempted only by experts. Don't be discouraged if you never reach such a stage of proficiency. Certainly the fact that you're not an expert diver needn't keep you out of the water! In skiing there's plenty of fun to be had downhill and cross country. Don't be too serious about it. Take it easy!"

"Take it easy" is a good way of summing up the advice of many experts who have made a study of skiing accidents. There seems to be general agreement that speed is responsible for most serious injuries; and the skier who takes silly chances and gets out of control is becoming increasingly unpopular on the trails. Don't try the high ones until you've developed real skill; above all, don't experiment with quick turns, or come whizzing around blind corners. If you do, you'll probably suffer several broken bones, to say nothing of injuring your companions. Here, in brief, are some important things to remember:

When you are learning, stick to the novice or nursery trails, or choose a gentle, open slope.

When you are ready to try the regular trails, ask the advice of an experienced skier as to the best place to start.

In going uphill keep well to one side, so as not to interfere with those coming down. An accident often occurs when a skier tries suddenly to break a run. If caught on the trail, stand still, don't dodge.

(Continued on page 32)

ILL WIND

Lofty faces the worst dilemma of his career when he sends Margie a "formal" invitation to a dance, but Bushy finds a novel solution

By EDITH
BALLINGER
PRICE

BUSHY RYDER entered her father's room to perform the daily, daughterly attentions of putting away his slippers and hanging up the various neckties which usually hung at random like limp, striped snakes. She was stupefied, however, by the unexpected sight which met her eyes. For the room was by no means untenanted. Before the long mirror stood her brother, Edward Lofting Ryder, his slender shoulders all too amply draped in his father's tuxedo. The glass reflected his expression, a curious mixture of scowl and smirk; an expression which quickly changed to one of extreme annoyance as his sister's tousled head and astonished eyes were mirrored beside him.

"What are *you* doing, snooping around?" he squeaked, wheeling upon her.

"Snooping yourself!" she retorted. "I always come in to tidy up Dad's things, as you should know by now. What are *you* doing, posing in that oversized garment?"

"It's not so very oversized," Lofty growled, eying himself hopelessly. "Anyway, if I can't have one of my own—"

"You're going to have one of your own for the Spring Prom," Bushy reminded him. "And you're more likely to get it, if you lay off Dad's. If you spill ice cream on his, you'll just be kept in rompers that much longer."

Lofty's mirrored face became crimson. "Ice cream! Rompers!" He choked. "Say! I'm well aware that at the parties you attend, the children throw lemonade at one another, and allow ice cream to dribble on their itty-bitty dwesses—but the Half-Moon Dance is an adult affair."

"Oh," said Bushy, "the Half-Moon Dance, eh? That's why you can't wait till the Spring Prom for your tux. Well, it's too bad, but the one you have on would require quite a bit of tailoring to make it look like anything but what it is—a big man's coat on a kid it doesn't belong to."



"GET YOUR FRAZZLY WIG OUT OF MY EAR," DEMANDED THE IRATE LOFTY

Lofty had most reluctantly reached the same conclusion himself, but he would have suffered the pangs of slow torture rather than admit it to his sister. He hung up the dinner coat in what he hoped was the position it usually occupied in his father's closet, and resumed his own tweed garment.

"If it were only summer," he observed, "I could do with a mess jacket."

"No matter what the season, anything you wore would be a mess, dearie," Bushy remarked brightly. Lofty ignored this. "I merely thought," he said noncommittally, "that Margie would prefer going with a suitably dressed man."

"Margie Olmsted is the lucky girl, of course," Bushy said. "Dear me, dear me, how she must be looking forward to being escorted by E. L. Ryder."

"I trust so," said Lofty with dignity.

"She has joyfully accepted?" Bushy inquired, straightening things on her father's dressing stand.

"I sent her a formal invitation," said Lofty, absently toying with the paternal shaving brush.

"My, my!" Bushy exclaimed. "It is indeed an adult occasion. Can't even call her up on the telephone?"

"I felt," said Lofty, "that a carefully worded note would carry more weight than a mere message over the telephone."

Bushy clicked her tongue and wagged her head. She felt her brother was really getting to be past understanding.

In the days that followed, he seemed also to be getting more and more nervous and despondent. He jumped when the telephone rang, rushed to meet the postman—but to no avail; his gloom thickened hourly, till even his parents noticed it.

"Aren't you feeling well, Edward?" Mrs. Ryder inquired anxiously.

"Not in a jam at school, are you?" Mr. Ryder demanded, shooting his son a sharp look over the top of his glasses.

"He's asked Margie Olmsted to the Half-Wit Dance," explained Bushy, "and I gather she hasn't answered."

"Half-Moon," muttered Lofty. "Hush up!"

"You mean she hasn't told you whether she'll go or not?" Mrs. Ryder asked. "That's not like Margie."

"I know it's not like Margie," Lofty burst out. "That's what's got me down."

"But what did she say, dear?" Mrs. Ryder pursued. "Couldn't she make up her mind at the moment?"

"He wrote her, Mother darling—he wrote her," Bushy elucidated. "And he hasn't had a reply by air mail, or whatever it is he expects."

"Oh, lay off!" said Lofty.

"But don't you see Marjorie every day at school?" Mr. Ryder demanded, entering the discussion to Lofty's added discomfort. "Sounds ridiculous, to me."

"This is a formal occasion," Lofty shouted. "If she

doesn't care to answer, that's her business—I suppose. And it's none of Bushy's business—and she couldn't be expected to understand delicate nuances like this, anyway."

"Delicate new *whats*?" asked Bushy. But her brother had left, precipitately.

"Don't tease Lofty, dear," said Mrs. Ryder. "It is strange that Marjorie hasn't answered the poor boy."

"I know it's strange," Bushy agreed. "It's definitely strange. Not that I'd want to go to a half-baked ball with Lofty Ryder—but *she* might. And I'm not teasing him, really. I pity the boy."

She had cause to pity him more, during the next day or two, which brought no sign of recognition from the inexplicable Margie.

"But what does she say when you see her at school?" Bushy inquired warily of her brother, who was by now in a pallid state of depression. "I vow, I think she's mean—and I never thought that before of Margie Olmsted. She's far and away the best of your stuck-up friends."

"She just—talks about other things, as usual," gulped Lofty.

"But don't you *ask* her whether she's going with you?" Bushy wondered.

"How can I, when she's ignored my invitation?" Lofty squeaked desperately. "It would be the height of—of ill-breeding."

Bushy shook her tumbled mop of hair in uncomprehending perplexity. "These formal ways are beyond me," she admitted.

"Don't you want me to sound her out for you—sort of innocently, you know?"

"Great snakes, NO!" squawked Lofty. "You keep your big feet out of this, Beatrice Ryder! She—she might think I was spying, or snooping, or something."

"Very well," said Bushy. "Have it your own way. I only wanted to put you out of your misery."

"Very considerate of you," Lofty replied acidly.

(Continued on page 41)

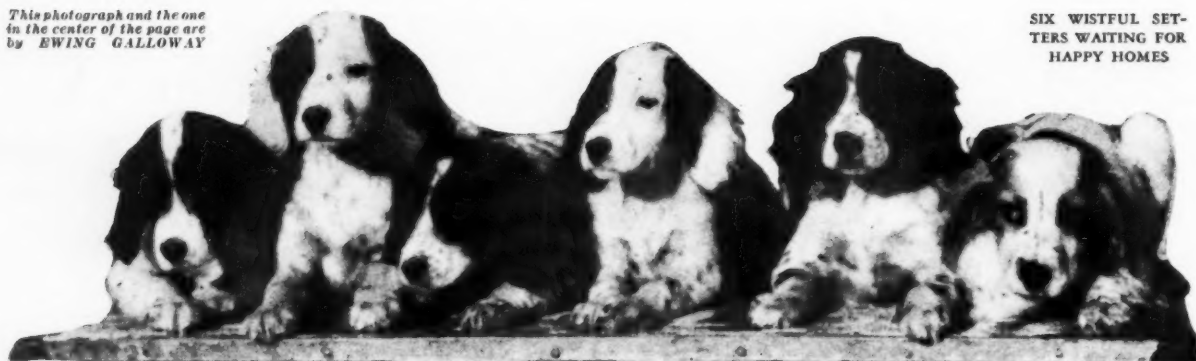
Illustrated
by
LESLIE
TURNER



"IT'S NOT OVERSIZED,"
GROWLED LOFTY, TRYING
TO SWELL HIMSELF IN-
TO THE RECESSES OF HIS
FATHER'S TUXEDO

This photograph and the one in the center of the page are by EWING GALLOWAY

SIX WISTFUL SETTERS WAITING FOR HAPPY HOMES



FUR, FINS, AND FEATHERS, III

Information and advice on the care, feeding, and training of your pet puppy or kitten, with some suggested treatments for simple ailments

By
MARY GRAHN
and
BEATRICE PIERCE

HALF the fun of owning a dog or cat is bringing him up—from puppyhood or kittenhood, as the case may be—helping him develop a strong, healthy body, teaching him simple lessons of behavior which will make him as acceptable to the grown-ups in your household as he is to you. But it isn't all fun. There is real effort involved, too. Puppies and kittens require care and attention, just as human babies do. In addition to knowledge of diet, training, and health habits, you'll need real patience and firm gentleness, to say nothing of optimism! However, the rewards will be worth all the trouble.

If you are about to acquire a puppy, it is better not to get one that is less than three months of age. If you do undertake to bring up a younger puppy, ask someone who knows how to outline a feeding schedule for you.

A three-months-old puppy will need four meals a day. His diet should include milk, raw lean beef ground up or scraped, cooked beef or lamb, puppy biscuits or meal, dry bread, beef or lamb broth, raw eggs, and certain vegetables such as spinach, lettuce, and occasionally tomatoes. Give the vegetables chopped up with the puppy's meat.

The puppy's meals should be given to him at the same hours each day—morning, noon, and about five or six in the evening, with a bedtime snack for the fourth meal.

After they are six months old, puppies need only three meals a day. By the time they have reached their eighth or tenth month, they will be better off with two, a light one in the morning and a hearty one in the evening. Reduce the number of meals gradually, allowing a consolation biscuit for a few days.

The milk you give your puppy should be warm. To it, add dry or toasted whole wheat bread, puppy biscuit, or a raw

egg. Meat should also be warm. Mix it with crumbled biscuits, puppy meal, or dry toast. Meat broth may sometimes be given in place of milk.

All puppies, and any dog that is not in the best of health, will benefit by having cod liver oil regularly. For a medium-sized breed, mix a teaspoonful with the dog's food and give every morning from early fall until late spring. This is an excellent preventative of rickets, and it helps to keep the coat in good condition.

A puppy is greedy and will almost always overeat if permitted free rein. Let him eat until his sides are gently rounded, but not bulging. Then give him no more until his next mealtime. Provide him with good food, for, if his body is well-built and nourished now, the chances are that he will be healthy the rest of his life.

When the pup is getting his second teeth, at four or six months, he should not be allowed to get overtired, or overexcited. Give him a big hard rubber or wooden ball to gnaw, a knuckle bone, and an old shoe. Try to teach him not to chew everything in reach, first by keeping tempting objects put away, and second, by allowing



A TISKET, A TASKET,
TWO PUPPIES IN A
BASKET!

FIVE FLUFFY KITTENS
GAZE AT THE WORLD
WITH WIDE-OPEN
ROUND BLUE EYES



him satisfactory substitutes, such as a knotted-up stocking to tug at, or a rag doll to lug around and shake. Have patience if he seems naughty or out of sorts at this age. Getting a set of teeth is sometimes a painful process.

You may be surprised, when you acquire your first dog, to find how much time he can spend in sleeping. Puppies in particular need plenty of rest. Never tie up a puppy. Instead put him in a room or shed, with a window open from the top, where he can run about safely. Don't try to lead him on a leash while he is still a baby. If a young dog must be restrained, attach his leash to a ring that can run along a clothes line. Or better yet, keep him in a small yard in which he can play. Dogs without any other chance for exercise should be taken for a good walk, rain, shine, or snow, every day. Romping, indoors or out, is good additional exercise.

Training a puppy is as necessary as caring for him, and, to an intelligent girl, this is a real challenge. The requirements for this task are love, understanding, definite objectives, kindness, and firmness. So you see, results depend on you more than on your dog!

The first day a dog is with you, win his affection. All later training, and the friendship which is the fun of having a



A PAIR OF DEVOTED FRIENDS! BOTH ARE THE SAME AGE AND BOTH SEEM TO LOOK DOWN WITH EQUAL BENIGNITY AT THE FAMILY OF KITTENS BELOW

BELOW: WHO COULD ASK FOR A NICER PRESENT THAN TWO SUCH EAGER PETS?



Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

dog, will be based on your mutual love and trust. Once he has accepted you, you can start showing him the fundamentals of correct puppy deportment. Housebreaking comes first. Take advantage of his natural cleanliness—he doesn't like to soil his bed—and put his bed in a box he cannot get out of, open on one side with a hinged door of wire mesh. Or you might get your manual training brother or cousin to build a frame on which to set on its side a nice, big, roomy barrel, instead. Add a hinged door of wire netting and a latch that can be securely fastened. Inside the barrel put an old rug, or blanket, or possibly one of your old coats or skirts. (The puppy may be less lonely if he has something that belongs to you.) When bedtime comes, and the puppy has had his before bedtime run, put him into his barrel. Give him a biscuit to chew on, and possibly a toy he likes. Then close and

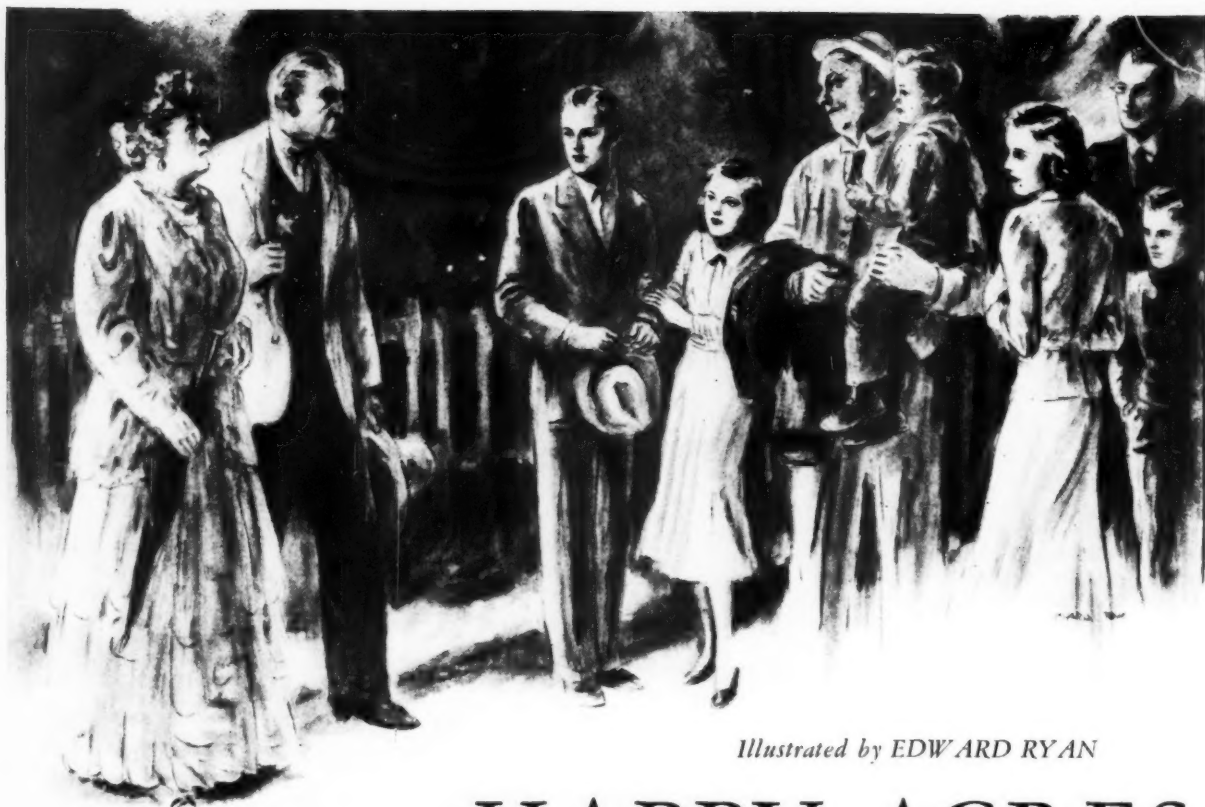


Photograph by Ewing Galloway

LUNCH TIME FOR TWO KITTEN FAMILIES IN THE SAME BOX

latch the door, and through the grill firmly tell him good-night. He may cry for a night or two, but if you bravely ignore his protests, he will give them up.

First thing in the morning take him outdoors, or place him on his newspaper, and presently he will comprehend the idea. Always take him out after meals, and at frequent and regular intervals during the day. If he makes a mistake, take him out at once so that he associates the yard, or his newspaper, with such performances. Praise him for success, and act downhearted, not cross, at his failures. Clean up any messes promptly. A handful of wood ashes neutralizes the odor. Always wash the spot thoroughly so that there is no trace of odor to draw him back. Three weeks isn't a bad record for (Continued on page 36)



MRS. DITTMAR STOOD, BEWILDERED AND NONPLUSSED, BESIDE THE SHERIFF, BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT!

Illustrated by EDWARD RYAN

HAPPY ACRES

By LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

PART EIGHT

THE day was of cloudy chill as though the weather man had reached back into March, taken a day, and handed it out in June. "There's been hail some place," Mrs. Gunnage said, trying to hold her fascinator in place while she poked up the kitchen fire.

They were all there in the homey, warm kitchen. Martha hovered over a box of her chickens that had got wet and cold when the windy rain beat in the granary window. Pushed close to the stove and covered with a bit of blanket, they chirped contentedly. Duncan Smith had deserted his loft for the same reason—gusty rain had found cracks under the eaves and around the window, and the loft was damp and cold. Chatty lay on the couch near the stove, the one Mrs. Gunnage had handy for that "goneness" in her back. Duncan insisted that Chatty rest there between her attempts at getting up and taking a few shaky steps. Even Aunt Mary was there, busily "setting up" her stitches on the knitting machine.

"That's the trouble with Colorado," Mrs. Gunnage voiced her pet grievance for the 'steenth time. "Such changeable weather!"

They all looked at each other and smiled. As though the weather mattered. For they were fidgety and tremulous with happiness. Such a close, heart-catching happiness, with Chatty actually being able to get about without those hated crutches tucked under her shoulders, with Dakin getting a small toe hold in the musical world. They talked about it

all in broken snatches—they could savor it to the full without talking.

They heard the gate click and, looking out the misted-over window, saw that it was Hank. Dakin said, "He didn't come in his car. He's walking—and look how muddy he is!"

Martha opened the door for Hank. His shoes were caked with mud, and he looked worried.

Chatty said, "You've got bad news—I can tell by looking at you. And you needn't come in and spoil our happiness."

"Oh, is that so, Miss Charlotte Crab?" he retorted. "As though I hadn't walked miles out of my way to get here! I knew I could never cross the cement bridge down here on your road—there's two feet of water rushing over it. The only chance I had was going miles out of my way, leaving the car, and crossing the railroad bridge—and where would I have been if a train had come along about that time? So then I hoofed it through that muddy meadow. Once I stepped into a bog hole and sank in up to my Adam's apple—well, nearly—but I just had to risk my life to get out here and warn you folks."

"Warn us!" It was a chorus from every corner of the kitchen.

"Yes," he said miserably. "The missus is standing on her hind legs and pawing the air."

"What about?" Martha asked.

"Because she knows now that you—" he looked at Duncan Smith—"are a gross interloper. At least that's what she calls you."

"You mean because he was dancing like Fred Astaire

The setting is the McGrails' Colorado ranch. There are four McGrail children—Martha, seventeen, who tries to take her dead mother's place; Chatty, younger, crippled by a leg injury; Dakin, eleven, who plays the violin; and Tommy, three. Their father, an aviator, is reported lost at sea, but they refuse to believe this, and resist the efforts of neighbors to dispose of them in various ways. Mrs. Dittmar (the disagreeable step-mother of Chatty's friend, Hank) wants to adopt Dakin; Mrs. Gunnage, the gloomy housekeeper, wants her niece to adopt Tommy; Doctor Desjardines, a bone specialist, wants to take Chatty to Chicago for treatment; and Fred Schef, a crude neighbor, wants to marry Martha.

The McGrails realize their only hope of keeping the family together lies in finding a guardian. Their one relative, Dakin Lang, their mother's cousin, lives in Colorado Springs, though they have never seen him because of a family estrangement. Martha and young Dakin drive to the Springs to beg him to act as guardian, but he is away on a long trip. In despair they persuade a young man they meet on the road, carrying a typewriter, to personate their cousin Dakin. The stranger proves to be a teacher, Duncan Smith, who has given up his job at the insistence of his girl, to write mystery stories. As he has just been held up and robbed of money and car, he is willing to take a chance on the situation at Happy Acres.

Duncan proves to be an excellent guardian, though the would-be adopters are suspicious of him, thinking "Cousin Dakin" should be older. He works hard at writing, but his stories are consistently returned. Martha suggests that he write articles advising young people about their problems, which is one of his strong points as a teacher.

Dakin plays in a concert in Denver with great success, and Mrs. Dittmar gives a party for him—where her suspicions of Duncan Smith are increased by the agility of his dancing. A great storm breaks up the party and sends the guests scurrying home. Chatty, in rescuing one of her lambs from flood danger, takes a few steps without the aid of her crutches.

last night at the party?" Chatty asked.

"Oh, no, she's got more on him than that. A telegram of congratulations came for little Dakin last night, and guess who it was from?"

"Stop being dramatic—who?" Chatty wanted to know.

"Your real Cousin Dakin. He'd heard him play over the radio. The station agent knew the missus was having this party, so he delivered it to our house. It came just after you folks left."

"Hank, how awful of you to come out here and spoil everything!" Chatty wailed. "We've been trying to get you—only the telephone isn't working—to tell you that I can walk. Look at me stand up."

"You can walk!" Hank repeated incredulously. Then, as he saw for himself, "Gee, Chatty—am I glad!"

Martha prodded him. "What did the telegram say?"

"I didn't see it. She's keeping it for Exhibit A, I guess, but evidently Cousin Dakin said something about coming out to see you. Yes, she'd have been out with the sheriff to arrest you for an imposter, Duncan, if the bridge had been passable. That's why I drove way out of the way and crossed the railroad bridge, so as to

warn you that you'd better leave. She's all geared for battle. The thing that sticks in her craw is that she believed you when you told about hurting your hand and not being able to play." Hank allowed himself a chuckle over this.

"Yes," Martha agreed slowly, "you'd better go, Duncan. You've done enough for us. I don't want you to suffer for it."

Duncan took time to light his pipe, draw on it. "No, I'll stay and face the music," he said firmly. "Now everybody get away from the stove while I stir up some corn fritters."

The telephone continued to be out of order all that drizzly, teeth-chatter day. That night, after everyone was in bed, the telephone kept ringing and ringing. Two shorts and a long. Time and again, Martha got out of bed, pulled her robe about her, and answered it, only to be rewarded by a humming din and no voice.

It was almost dawn when it rang again, and again she hurried to it, said, "Hello! Hello!" This time she could barely hear a voice over the burr and hum—a man's voice it was, and he, too, kept repeating, "Hello! Hello!"

Martha felt a dizzy weakness at the sound of that voice. It was her father's voice—far-off, dim, fading away over the burr and hum of tangled wires. She kept shouting, "Father! Father! It's you, isn't it? Where are you? This is Martha, Father, Martha." But she only heard his faint, blurry, "Hello! Hello!" and finally the connection was broken entirely.

Still holding the receiver to her ear, Martha leaned against the door jamb, repeating incoherently, "It's Father—it was his voice." She rattled the telephone hook, pressed the receiver tighter against her ear, called over and over into the mouthpiece—but there was nothing now, not even a hum.

Chatty came to the door, and Martha cried out brokenly, "It was Father, Chatty! I could tell his voice."

"Where? What did he say?" Chatty, too, had to lean against the door frame in startled weakness.

"Oh, I wish I knew where he is! And he didn't say anything except 'Hello! Hello!' It was so indistinct, so far-off, and he sounded so tired. If he had only said something!"

Dakin was the next to appear, wide awake and tense. "Don't you worry, Martha!" he consoled her. "We'll hear from him again. Just as soon as the telephone wires are fixed, we'll hear from him." They talked it over at some length, as they rattled about the stove before Mrs. Gunnage appeared.

Mrs. Gunnage put her own interpretation on those far-off, feeble hellos. "Sounds to me like a spirit from the other world," she said, nodding her head with its wreathing of curl papers. "Sounds like a message trying to come through. I remember after my husband died—I'd been to sleep, but I kept hearing a voice—"

Martha left her and Chatty to argue heatedly over that, and went speeding through the gray dawn to call up to Duncan Smith. "Duncan, I heard Father's voice over the telephone. Can you imagine Mrs. Gunnage thinking it was a spirit from the other world?"

Presently Duncan was fumbling his way down the ladder, dressed



CHATTY HUGGED HIM TIGHT

In the concluding installment of this absorbing serial Mrs. Dittmar meets her match, and the ranch called "Happy Acres" finally lives up to its name



except for his shoes. For a minute he looked at Martha, blinking sleepily. Then he reached into his pocket, pulled out his handkerchief, and wiped away the tears rolling down her cheeks. "You don't think it was a message trying to come through from a spirit, do you, Duncan?" she appealed, with a laugh that was half an excited sob.

"Goodness, no, child," he said. "Spirits don't use telephones. They rap on tables, or go *yoo-hooing* around under a sheet. We'll get those wires patched up to-morrow, and then we'll hear from him."

The sun came out in bright strength that day. Hank and Duncan worked all day on telephone wires that had been beaten down by wind and rain. They asked Fred Schef to help, but Fred had some hog fences that needed repairing. "And hog fences," Hank quoted in the blunt loudness of the Schefs, "are more important than telephone wires."

By afternoon the telephone line was in working order. Every time it gave a tinkle, they listened tensely to see if it would be their ring—two shorts and a long. Once, when Martha was shelling peas for supper, two shorts and a long pealed and she jumped to the telephone so swiftly that she spilled the peas all over the floor. But it was only the grocer at Antelope, saying he hoped she'd have some butter for him the next day; the station agent's wife always asked for her butter.

The creek went down rapidly. By evening it was passable, and the first car to cross the muddy, debris-covered bridge was the Dittmar car. Mrs. Dittmar and two men alighted. One was the postmaster-sheriff of Antelope, the other was a stout, gray-haired man with a familiar smile. They knew

"SO YOU'LL HAVE A BOOK," MARTHA SAID HAPPILY AS SHE FINISHED READING DUNCAN'S LETTER

him instantly, even before Mrs. Dittmar said, "This is your real Cousin Dakin," for his smile was remindful of their mother's.

He grasped Martha's hands, looked at her out of keen, kind eyes. "And this is Martha. I had no idea you children were living so close to me. I didn't even know that your mother—was dead. I was on shipboard, bound for Paramaribo, when I heard over the ship's radio that your father and his plane were reported missing—that's how I knew where you were located—and I made up my mind then to look you up as soon as I got back. I'm sorry that the years have gone by and that I wasn't in touch with you."

"Mother wrote you when Dakin was born," Martha told him.

"Yes—yes, indeed; and I wrote to her and put in a present for my namesake, but the letter evidently followed her around awhile and then came back to me." Dakin sidled up to him and he pulled the boy's thin little body close to his side. "I guess the christening present has gathered a little interest by now."

Chatty said, "I just knew you had written to her, even though Gunnage said you didn't care enough about us to answer."

"Mother was planning to get in touch with you after we moved here," Martha said. "Only she wanted things kind of nice before you came. She talked so much about you. She planted cherry trees and lilies-of-the-valley because you liked them."

"And I'll bet every one of them grew," he said softly. "She had a way of making things grow—Mattie always had."

Mrs. Dittmar interrupted. Hank had said his stepmother was geared for battle, and she was. "Where is this young man who is posing as your Cousin Dakin? His fingers stiff from an accident and that's why he couldn't play for me!" she snorted.

Cousin Dakin added, "Yes, this person should be prosecuted. An imposter who would come out here and deceive you poor children—"

"But he isn't an imposter," Martha protested. "And he didn't come out and deceive us. It's my fault. We were so desperate and we had to have a Cousin Dakin—we fairly dragged him out here."

"Here he is now," Mrs. Dittmar said. "He's woven a veritable web of deceit. There's the true man—without gray hair, without a cane or those bifocal glasses."

Duncan Smith was coming from the big barn. He came toward the little group which had formed near the Dittmar car, with his roguish, twisted smile.

Dakin Lang turned accusingly toward him. But his animosity changed to surprise, surprise to friendliness. "Well, well—well, Duncan Smith! What are you doing here?"

Duncan Smith shook hands with him. "I just did a little pinch-hitting for you. This tribe seemed to need a cousin, so I thought I would take over the job of couasing them."

"And he did a swell job of it, too," Chatty defended.

"Now that was nice of you. I'm thankful you did," Cousin Dakin said slowly.

Mrs. Dittmar had stood, bewildered and nonplussed, for the moment. But only for a moment. She said to Martha then, "Even so, we still have the problem of poor little Dakin's musical education. Your Cousin Dakin is musician enough to appreciate that he should have every advantage—

that is, more than you poor, orphaned children can give him." "Don't call us orphans," Chatty cried. "Father telephoned to us last night."

Martha confirmed it. "Yes, I was just waiting to tell you. I couldn't hear him very well, and he couldn't hear me at all because the wires were out of order, but I did hear his voice."

"How do you know it was he?"

"Oh, I know—I just know."

Mrs. Dittmar plainly gave little credence to this. She sniffed in unbelief and suspicion. She seemed to feel that this was just another way Martha was taking to stall her off.

Her manner was that "to be continued" one which Chatty found so maddening.

Cousin Dakin stepped into the rôle of guardian. "I'm sure circumstances now are such that Dakin need not be denied any musical advantages. I appreciate your sending me the telegram, Mrs. Dittmar, telling me I was being impersonated, and I appreciate your bringing me out, but I don't believe you need worry any further about matters here."

Such a neat and painless dismissal of Mrs. Dittmar! Hank looked at the capable, middle-aged man with admiration in his eyes. He said to Chatty and Martha with a sigh, "It's an art, I guess."

They all knew a light-hearted relief when the big car containing Mrs. Dittmar and the postmaster-sheriff drove off. Cousin Dakin asked if they could put him up for the night, and Martha said apologetically that they had room for him in the loft. "I've slept in worse places than a hayloft," Cousin Dakin said.

"But never a better place," Duncan Smith said proudly.

Chatty, holding on to Cousin Dakin's arm, walked slowly out to the sheep pens to show her sheep. Tommy

Tucker trailed along with a bucket containing a worm he'd found in a mud puddle. "It's a little tiny, weeny alligator," he insisted.

And then, just at dusk, it came—that sound they had been listening for all these days, weeks, months. This time there was no imagining it. An airplane was humming close overhead. They stood, heads tilted back, listening, watching it with hope and wonder thudding in their throats.

But as they watched and listened (*Continued on page 49*)

Announcing a Poetry Contest for READERS of THE AMERICAN GIRL

HERE is an opportunity for every girl who has felt poetic impulses stirring when she sees a sunset or wakes to a sparkling world on a spring morning, who has felt like bursting into song over some inner, private happiness, or who has become deeply aware of some truth of nature, beauty, or feeling, and has yearned to express her thoughts in "the best words in their best order"—which was Coleridge's definition of poetry. The opportunity we mean is an AMERICAN GIRL poetry contest which will open on January first and will close at midnight on March thirty-first.

Poems submitted must be the original work of the contestants and must not exceed twenty lines. They may be of any length under twenty lines, and may be written in any verse form the poet wishes—or in free verse—and on any subject desired. Not more than five poems may be submitted by a contestant, and THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to print in the magazine, or in any Girl Scout publication, any of the poems submitted in this contest. No poems will be returned to the sender.

Two well known poets, whose verse you have read in THE AMERICAN GIRL, have consented to act as judges, Margaret Widdemer and Robert P. Tristram Coffin. The third judge will be Fjeril Hess, author of many books for girls and Editor of *The Girl Scout Leader*.

A First Prize of ten dollars will be paid for the poem which the judges consider the most outstanding; the Second Prize will be five dollars; and the Third Prize will be three dollars. The authors of the ten poems deemed worthy of Honorable Mention will receive one dollar each.

Type, or write clearly, each poem on one side of the paper only, being sure that it does not exceed twenty lines. Print your name, address, and age in the upper right-hand corner of the paper. If you are a Girl Scout, include your troop number and your leader's name.

Have one of your parents, or your guardian, or your teacher, or your Girl Scout leader, write at the bottom of the paper:

This poem, to the best of my knowledge, is the original work of

_____ (NAME OF CONTESTANT)

Signed: _____

_____ (NAME OF PARENT, GUARDIAN, TEACHER, OR GIRL SCOUT LEADER)

Remember that your manuscript must be mailed *before midnight of March thirty-first* to THE AMERICAN GIRL Poetry Contest Editor, 14 West 49th Street, New York City.

Send in your best verse as soon as possible. Perhaps your poem will win a prize, and, even if it doesn't, it may be printed later in THE AMERICAN GIRL, or in some other Girl Scout publication.



WHEN WINT

GIRL SCOUTS *aren't left behind*

*Up hill, down dale, they follow winter's trail,
On skates, on skis, on snowshoes' balanced ease,
Over drifted fields of snow,
Through woodlands wild they go . . .*



TOP LEFT: SNOW LIKE THICK FROSTING ON THE TREES AT CEDAR HILL GREETED THE EYES OF BOSTON GIRL SCOUTS, WAKING TO FIND THEMSELVES SNOWBOUND DURING A WINTER WEEK-END AT CAMP. READ THEIR OWN ACCOUNT ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT

ABOVE: SCOUTS OF TROOP ONE, ARMIJO SCHOOL, FAIRFIELD, CALIFORNIA, HAVE THEIR PICTURES TAKEN BEFORE A SNOW MAN, JUST WEST OF THE FAMOUS DONNER SUMMIT AND EMIGRANT GAP WHERE MANY PIONEERS PERISHED IN WINTER STORMS

LEFT: LLOYD HOGAN OF THE NATIONAL PARK COMMISSION ASSISTED BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA SCOUTS IN PLANTING NATIVE TREES IN TILDEN PARK IN JANUARY. SEE PICTURE OPPOSITE, AND ACCOUNT AND PICTURE, PAGES TWENTY-EIGHT AND TWENTY-NINE



WINTER COMES

na



WITH ROUSING APPETITES AFTER A TRAMP THROUGH THE SNOW, GIRL SCOUTS BROIL KABOBS OF MEAT AND BACON OVER A FIRE



Photograph by
Paul Parker

TRACKS UPON THE SNOW
INTEREST TWO SCOUTS
WHO HAVE STARTED ON
A WINTER HIKE. RAB-
BIT, SQUIRREL, OR
WEASEL IN SEARCH OF
FOOD, OR IN ESCAPE
FROM SOME CRUEL EN-
EMY?—THEY'LL KNOW
HOW TO DEDUCE THE
MEANING OF THE
MARKS AND WILL HAVE
AN INTERESTING NEW
ENTRY TO INSCRIBE IN
THEIR NATURE NOTE-
BOOKS

LEFT: WHEN SNOW-
SHOES INTERFERE WITH
EACH OTHER, SOME-
TIMES THE RESULT IS A
SPILL IN THE SNOW—
BUT THIS GIRL CAME
UP SMILING



NEXT SUMMER THIS FIELD WILL BLOSSOM WITH WILD FLOWERS, BULES, AND SHRUBS WHICH TWO HUNDRED BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA GIRL SCOUTS PLANTED IN JANUARY, IN A PROJECT TO BEAUTIFY THE GROUNDS OF A NATIONAL PARK. SEE STAR REPORTER'S STORY ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT





Photograph by the Muncie, Indiana, Star

SNOWBOUND

ROSLINDALE, MASSACHUSETTS: It was the annual overnight hike to Cedar Hill by our senior troop over the twenty-second of February. We were twelve girls and two leaders.

Carrying winter sports equipment, although there was no sign of snow or even cold weather, we arrived at camp in time for a corn chowder supper. After dishes and making of beds, we all hiked over to the Boston camp site; the stars were perfectly beautiful, so clear and distinct. Practically everyone had taken the star badge, so our talk sounded like the Harvard professor at the observatory. On the way back we peeked in at the English folk dance class. My, how well they all danced! How we admired the grace of the tall white-haired man who was having such a good time with his plump and lively partner.

After one last glance at the sky and a prayer for snow, we gathered around the open fire in the Rookery for hot chocolate and cookies, and a last sing. There was much giggling from the Three Musketeers who, come to find out, had been sliding after all—but on old tin trays down the Mansion House hill!

It was a sleepy crowd that turned in at the Rookery and, as the wind howled outside, we snuggled down in our blankets. I awoke nearly frozen. As I lifted my head to see how wide the window was open, I saw snow whizzing around outside, and the poplars nearly bent double every time a gust of wind blew. I poked my pal in the next bed, but she was too sleepy to be in the least interested. I was cold, so I piled my blankets on hers and crawled in with her for the rest of the night.

In the morning a loud shriek of "Snow!" woke us all. Snow was waist-deep and still snowing. Such fun! We could hardly wait to dress and get out in it. In ski pants, parkas, and leather jackets, we frisked and wallowed like colts. Then we put on snow shoes and were off to see how the girls were faring in the Lincoln cabin, across the brook.

We heard by radio, at the Mansion House, that traffic was tied up along Huntington Avenue, and no cars running, so we telephoned Brownie's mother to notify everyone's family that we were marooned and would stay at camp another night. What to eat? The ham was adequate, there were plenty of potatoes and oranges, and we could buy milk and butter at the Mansion House. The Cabin hikers insisted on going home for the Latin School dance, so we inherited their chicken and lunch supplies.

What fun to be marooned at Cedar Hill—the world a white paradise, the place to ourselves, and all the skis, snowshoes, and sleds we wanted! We slid and skied, rode the snow plow, and pulled the toboggan around with supplies, having the jolliest of times. We rescued the Mansion House cook from a snow drift at the gate, and rolled in the snow to our hearts' content. To most of us city-bred girls, it was a new experience—a whole day and evening out of touch with the rest of the world except by radio and telephone.

The next morning we played around in the snow again, kept open house for the many Girl Scouts who came out and needed our open fire for warmth and to dry off. We would have prayed for more snow except for the fact that the food was gone. The Log of the Fourteen Snowbound was written, and the troop plans an overnight hike to Cedar Hill every February twenty-second, hoping that sometime we will be snowbound again.

Brownie Marion Jones

BEFORE THE FIREPLACE IN THE CAMP LODGE WHERE A GROUP OF MUNCIE, INDIANA GIRL SCOUTS SPENT A WINTER WEEK-END. READ THE DIARY ON OPPOSITE PAGE

RIGHT: WHAT BETTER CAMP PET THAN A PUP? DETROIT SCOUTS BRING ALONG MASCOTS ON A WINTER WEEK-END AT CAMP. SEE PICTURE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE, TOO



OUR STAR REPORTER

Don't forget that the best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space. The writer, who is the Star Reporter of the month, receives a book as an award. The Star Reporter's story, of two to three hundred words, should tell: What was the event? When did it happen? Who took part? What made it interesting?

SYLVIA WALL, of Troop 8, Berkeley, California, has the honor of being named Star Reporter for January. Sylvia writes:

"On a sunny Saturday morning in mid-January, there was something in the air! With picks, shovels, and lunch kits over their shoulders, and escorting auto-loads of tiny trees, bulbs, and seeds, two hundred greatly excited Berkeley Girl Scouts were on a pilgrimage to the newly completed Regional Park in Wild Cat Cañon, which nestles comfortably among the picturesque Berkeley Hills. Since the park is a comparatively new one, the Girl Scouts determined to lend Mother Nature a hand in beautifying the landscape by planting native trees, wild flowers, and bulbs. Not only was this an opportunity for Berkeley Girl Scouts to render service to their community, but also definitely to improve the site of their summer day camp, which is in this area.

"Under the direction of Lloyd Hogan of the National Park Commission, and through contributions from the Forestry Department of the University of California, local nurseries, and their own gardens, the Scouts were able to do a practical job in the reforestation project. The total planting included twenty redwood trees two feet high, twenty-five incense cedars, twenty-five Port Orford cedars, large numbers of iris, tiger lily, and gladiolus bulbs, and more than ten pounds of wild flower seeds. A few weeks later colored markers were attached to the trees, indicating which troops had planted them. When the Berkeley Girl Scouts attend day camp this summer, they will be able to observe many changes in the trees and shrubs which they planted in mid-winter."

IS FUN

WINTER WEEK-END

DETROIT, MICHIGAN: At eight o'clock Saturday morning, off we started in the camp truck for an enjoyable week-end—a group of fourteen girls, all dressed in their warmest clothes and ready for anything!

What fun it was riding along, singing any song that came to our minds! What a shout rose from our throats as we arrived at camp! With the shouting, and the barking of Pal, the camp mascot, there was a lot of noise. When we arrived at the troop house, we all piled out and pulled our blanket rolls after us. There was quite a bit of work to be done, so we all got busy.

After we had eaten our lunch, and after the dishes were done, most of the girls went on a trail-blazing trip. We divided into two groups, six girls in each. The group that was led by Captain Goddard left first, and made trail signs for the second to follow. After fifteen minutes had elapsed, the second group, which was led by Captain Scott, started and followed the trail left by the first. In an hour or two they were all back at the troop house, safe and sound, and eager to go on another trip. After a swell dinner, we sat around the fire, and toasted marshmallows and popped corn.

When we awoke the next morning it was pretty cold, so the fire builders built a nice warm fire which heated up the troop house. We had a hot breakfast which also warmed us up. After the dishes were done, we split up into two groups, and went on another hike. When we arrived back at the troop house, we had Scout's Own and then a delicious dinner. After the dishes were done, the bedding rolls were made and the troop house was cleaned up. Then we all piled into the camp truck again and started for home. Our week-end had given us a lot of outdoor exercise and joyous companionship.

Nancy Armour, Troop 12

WINTER CAMP DIARY

MUNCIE, INDIANA: December 29: A beautiful sunshiny day, and we're off to camp in a big red bus—Paddy O'Day, the luggage, and all the rest of us! To the troop house with our bags, the boys bringing up our bed rolls. After de-burring Paddy, a get-acquainted game, then

choosing beds. . . To the Lodge in great haste where we were met by Mickey and Huskie. Divided into patrols, each with a counselor. Cooks to the kitchen, and the rest of us free to do what we like. What fun! Ping pong, books, magazines, the fireplace, radio, and all the out-of-doors. (Pardon me a moment—Paddy is at the door!) Lunch—hot food from colorful bowls. Yum, yum! Rest period for an hour. Patrol corners; to the troop house to fix our beds. . . Around the fire, after supper. Stunts by patrols and one by the Staff. Games, songs, then off to bed.

December 30: It's raining. What weather for camp! But even rain can't dampen our spirits, what with a ping pong tournament under way, kapers to be done, and plenty else to hold our attention. Paddy chewed her harness in two last night. (Hey! Watch that door! There goes Paddy out, and me after her. What a chase, but I finally caught the pup!) Excitement runs high with a tournament. Everybody seems busy. . . Plenty of good food and

rest for us all. After supper, a barn dance, games. . . Huskie had bad luck with her fudge to-night, but, with re-cooking, it was grand and we crowded around the candy plate like beggars. Mickey, with her stocking cap, looked like Mrs. Santa Claus.

December 31: Our patrol is cooking to-day, so out of bed we go! The weather is still wet, and the song is "On with the galoshes, Off with the galoshes." This is the last whole day of camp, and the time has just slipped away too fast. . . Annie and Mary Flo are leading an exploration tour, but the rest of us choose to stay inside where it is dry and warm. Bert has some of us writing for the Camp Book and planning it with her. Mickey is passing some on the tests; and the tournament continues. . . This will be New Year's Eve. To-night, we had a real dinner with all the fixings, a feast topped by a luscious cake Mrs. Miller brought us. . . A serenade by Molly Flo and a few conspirators, and we nearly burst with laughter. Games and prizes and lots of fun; the finals for the ping pong tournament, and the crowning of the victor. . . Our last camp fire together. Reluctant steps going to bed, not without a few silent tears. Muffled whispers for a while—then a ringing of bells, clanking of cans, and a popping of guns. We all blow our horns, lovely ones that Mickey put under our pillows; then hot chocolate, Huskie's treat, and little candy bells. After that, back to bed.

Helen Irene Williams



HERE'S THE GROUP OF BOSTON GIRL SCOUTS WHO WERE SNOWBOUND AT THE CAMP AT CEDAR HILL, WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS. READ THE STORY OF THEIR ADVENTURES ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT

RIGHT: OUTDOOR COOKERY IN WINTER WOODS—OR THERE WILL BE, AS SOON AS THE FIRE IS STARTED! MUNCIE, INDIANA SCOUTS ACQUIRE RAVENOUS APPETITES AFTER AN OUTDOOR DAY IN THE CRISP COLD



BELOW: A BROWNIE HELPS TO PLANT A TREE AT TILDEN PARK. READ THE STAR REPORTER'S STORY ON THE PAGE OPPOSITE THIS ONE



Photograph by the Muncie, Indiana Star

See caption for companion picture, opposite page

By CHESTER
MARSH

Arts and Crafts Adviser, Na-
tional Staff, Girl Scouts, Inc.



EMBROIDERED SCARF, PURSE,
AND BELT WOVEN ON A TEE-
DEE LOOM BY A GIRL SCOUT

YOU know, Mummy,"—
Marjorie toyed with her
toast in the sunny Ran-
dolph breakfast room—"I'm
worried about something."

Her mother's fork stopped in mid-air.
She gazed at her daughter, her mouth opened
in expectation of the bit of egg that didn't
arrive.

"It's about some children around on Sec-
ond Avenue," said Marjorie.

"What children, and why are you wor-
ried?" Mrs. Randolph's fork finished its
journey. She studied her daughter's sun-
brown face, which was puckered up into
what her sister Joan called her "gottafixit"
expression.

"Well, when I went over to Grace's party
last Thursday, I had to go through a play
street that was closed to traffic. There were
ever so many children—the boys were play-
ing ball, and the girls were playing hop
scotch and jackstones. They all seemed to
be having a good time, and I stopped for a
minute to watch them."

"I don't see anything to worry about
there!" said Joan. "Play street, good time—
how about it?"

"Well, there's this about it. On the steps
of a house, about halfway down the block,
sat two little girls. They looked sad and
lonesome, and so—well, left out, that I went
down and sat with them."

"You what?" cried Joan. "You sat on
those dirty steps in your best tan coat! I
can't bear it."

"They weren't dirty steps," replied Mar-
jorie indignantly. "They were perfectly
clean. And the girls were clean, too, and
pretty. The little one is a darling—curly
hair and blue eyes and the dearest little
turned-up nose. She's a cripple and can't
walk hardly any, and her nickname's Dimmy.
She hasn't any mother, so the other girl, her
sister, takes care of her. The sister's name
is Janet."

"Their father works in a machine shop, or
something, and they're alone most of the
time. They can't play and they can't go
places and—well, I think it's awful that they

have to just sit and watch other people have
a good time. Can't we do something about
it?"

Mrs. Randolph was thoughtful as she
stirred her coffee, but she said nothing.

As usual, Joan was ready with ideas and
suggestions. "Let's have a picnic! Let's
take them out in the car! Let's take them to
a show—well, why not?" she asked as she
saw her mother and Marjorie shaking their
heads.

"No, it must be something we can ar-
range for them to do themselves any time
—when they're alone—when they're right
there on Second Avenue, without us, without
a car, without any special trimmings. Some-
thing that won't stop when one thing is fin-
ished, but will go on and get to be more fun,
the longer they do it."

"I know—like your pottery and my weav-
ing and Tony's stamp collection. You've got
something there, Marj!" cried Joan.

"Let's go into the living room and talk it

YOU CAN BUILD A LOOM

over," suggested Mrs. Ran-
dolph.

With the two girls on the
big couch and their mother in
her low chair by the sewing
table, the subject was contin-
ued.

"Yes, that's what I mean.
Do you suppose we could
teach them to do pottery? It's
such fun. Sometimes I wonder
what I ever did before Aunt
Lollie taught me." Marjorie
was eager.

"Of course, we could teach
them," Joan was emphatic.
"Let's get some clay and go

over right now."

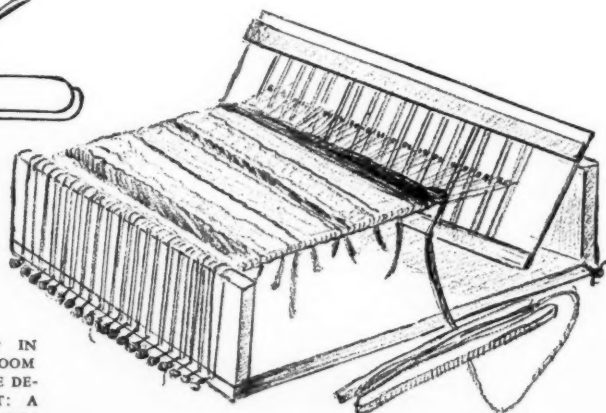
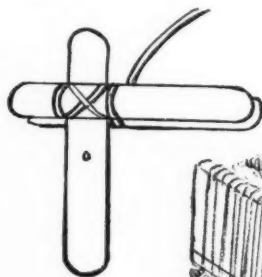
"Wait," said Mrs. Randolph. "There are
other things to think about. Perhaps they
have very little money, and do you think they
could get to a kiln to have their pieces fired?"

"Why don't we teach them to weave,
then? They don't have to have that fired."

"You can't weave without a loom and that
costs money," objected Marjorie. "And so
do yarn and linen."

For a minute or two, the three Randolphs
sat deep in thought, then Joan straightened
up suddenly. "I know what we'll do, Marj.
We'll make looms! I've always wanted to,
and I have the directions. It will be fun and
there are lots of different kinds we can make.
One kind you can make out of tongue de-
pressors—that's called a Tee-dee loom—and
there are cardboard looms and box looms and
chair looms and picture-frame looms, and
Navajo Indian looms. I've a book in my
room—wait while I get it!"

Joan rushed from the room and was



ABOVE: FIRST STEP IN
MAKING A TEE-DEE LOOM
OUT OF TEN TONGUE DE-
PRESSORS. AT RIGHT: A
BOX LOOM, EASY TO MAKE
WITH THESE DIRECTIONS

back in an instant with a blue-covered book, *First Steps in Weaving* by Ella Victoria Dobbs. She turned the pages rapidly.

"We could make that box loom—and here's another, an easel loom. Which shall we try first? We ought to make one and see how it works, before we go over to see those girls."

"I suggest that you decide on one, or possibly two, simple types," advised their mother. "You might get your materials together and make the looms right now, each of you making a different kind. While you're making them, I'll look over my piece basket for some left-over scraps of wool and yarn that you may use."

"Fine!" said Joan. "And you know silk stockings and old silk slips can be cut into strips and used for weaving, don't you? You cut the strips about an inch wide. If it's a slip, you cut it on the bias so it will pull into a sort of a round string when you use it. If it's stockings you start cutting from the top and cut round and round in a spiral, and that makes one long strip. They can be dyed in lovely colors, too. I think the girls could manage that, don't you?"

"What about the warp? Isn't that what you call the cord that is strung on the loom—the cord that you weave the other material into?" asked Marjorie.

"Oh that—why, say, that *is* a problem!" Joan tapped her front tooth with her forefinger. "You can't use strips for warp—that has to be strong."

"It seems to me you could use common wrapping twine," said Mrs. Randolph. "That's very inexpensive and it comes in different weights and colors."

"Perfect!" Joan cried. "Now let's begin. I'm going to make a box loom. Marj, you make a Tee-dee loom, because that's easier and you don't know very much about weaving."

THE girls made a list of the things they needed and started out at once to collect them. Mrs. Randolph set up two card tables, covered them with heavy paper to protect them from whatever cutting, pounding, or pasting the girls might do, and then settled down in a comfortable chair by the window to inspect the contents of the "piece basket."

In a short time Marjorie was back with her materials. She dumped them on one of the card tables.

"Joan will be longer getting hers together—she needs more things," she said. "We decided we'd work together and finish my loom before we start hers. I'm going to begin, though, without waiting for her."

"Do you know what to do?" asked her mother, looking up from a lapful of silk stockings.

"Oh, yes," said Marjorie, holding up a mimeographed pamphlet. "These are very clear directions. Joan got them from the Industrial Arts Coöperative Service, 519 West 121 Street, New York City, for fifteen cents."

She checked over her materials as she buttoned a smock over her blue dress. "There are ten tongue depressors from the drug store, a ball of wrapping twine and a small awl from the ten cent store, a stick of wood six inches long and one-half inch thick from the kindling box, and a piece of heavy cardboard. That's everything, except a piece of cloth, or tape, to go around my waist. Can you let me have that from your piece basket, Mummy?"

Mrs. Randolph held up a roll of inch-wide tape. "That sounds like a funny order, dear. Will this do?" (Continued on page 45)



PRETTY SOFT

These Warm, Winter Woollies —

The Snow Set is of myrtle green all-wool yarn, trimmed in light green and white. Socks are long enough to be worn with skating shoes, and the scarf is shaped Ascot style. Be sure to state sock and mitten sizes, when ordering singly or in sets.

8-245	Mittens. Sizes 6, 7 and 8.....	\$1.25
8-246	Ascot Scarf.....	1.25
8-247	Socks. Sizes 8½-11.....	1.25
8-248	Set of mittens, scarf and socks.....	3.25

Sweaters are knitted of all-wool zephyr yarn in a baby-shaker stitch. Emblems are loosely basted on for convenient removal, if preferred.

8-251	For Girl Scouts. Sizes 8-20.....	\$2.95
8-252	For Brownie. Sizes 8-12.....	2.95
8-253	For Mariners (with turtle neck). Sizes 12-20.....	2.95

The Harlequin Belt is of heavy rayon webbing striped in red, yellow and two shades of green. Buckle is of gilt metal, and leather ends of blond cowhide. Small, medium and large, with adjustable slide. 8-516.....\$ 50

The Sport Jacket combines the old-fashioned comfort of all-wool yarn (in a lovely shade of hunter's green), with a modern Tak-a-part zipper and swagger pockets. For extra comfort and fit, there are adjustable tabs at the wrists and hips.

8-125	Sizes 10-16.....	\$6.75
8-126	Sizes 18, 38-44.....	7.50

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc. National Equipment Service
14 West 49th Street, New York, New York

BE PREPARED FOR WINTER SPORTS!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Grow as winter-wise as possible. Learn to recognize safe and dangerous snow conditions. For example, a late afternoon freeze, after melting weather in the middle of the day, may make a trail exceedingly dangerous.

Remember that one careless person often spoils the day's fun for everybody. A good sportsman doesn't take foolish chances.

There is no denying the fact that a great many accidents have been happening at winter sports centers. The Red Cross has been called upon to organize first aid service, and numerous outing clubs have installed first aid stations at intervals along the trails. Heating devices are in readiness for the treatment of shock, and there are sleigh ambulances for carrying injured persons to the highways.

Anyone who seems to have suffered a fracture or dislocation should not be moved until the injured part has been properly cared for by a doctor, or a first aid expert. (If you don't know why, we refer you to the section on simple and compound fractures in the Revised Edition Red Cross First Aid Text Book!) It's extremely important to keep an injured person warm. Cold increases the shock which is present in all injuries, and anyone dressed in ordinary ski clothes soon becomes chilled if lying still. Plenty of warm things should be put *under* him, and he should be wrapped up snugly in several layers of wool, touching the injured part of the body as little as possible. The American Red Cross, Washington, D. C., will furnish information about special first aid kits and the treatment of injuries which occur most frequently on the trails.

Speaking of good sportsmen, there's a nice story told by Ken Binns in the *American Ski Annual*. It's about Sigmund Ruud, of Norway, Olympic champion and winner of our national jumping championship last year. At Sun Valley, during the nationals, Ruud had a bad spill at high speed. One ski came off and slid downhill, off the trail. Ruud quickly unsnapped the binding of the other ski, freed his foot, stabbed the ski down into the snow, and then started down the hill after the lost ski. Part way down he turned and scrambled back hastily. He had suddenly realized that the ski stuck in the snow might interfere with a following racer. He sacrificed all chance of finishing close to the leaders by going back after that ski—a fine bit of sportsmanship.

It goes without saying that you will have to be in good physical condition to become a skier even of average skill. A day of climbing uphill, falling down, turning, twisting, and bending the body, will result in almost unbearable stiffness unless your muscles are in excellent trim. Many expert skiers, both men and women, take special exercises devised to put them in prime condition for this particular sport. When you're stiff and clumsy, you're much more likely to fall, of course. If you've seen some of the breath-taking movies of skiing in the Alps and in this country, you'll realize how much grace and relaxation have to do with expert performance.

Skaters, too, are very assiduous about this matter of exercise. Bess Ehrhardt, outstanding among women professional figure skaters at the age of twenty, exercises two hours each day she is not skating. Sonja Henie exercises and practices sometimes as much as six hours a day. That magnificent performance is built on hours and hours of hard, grinding work!

In skating, as in skiing, foolhardiness causes most of the accidents. Few falls would occur on rinks, or at other centers, if each skater observed the ordinary rules of courtesy. Games like snap-the-whip are almost certain to end in injury to someone, and high-speed skating should never be attempted when the ice is crowded.

Then there's the matter of knowing when and where to skate. Remember the old rhyme?



That is sound advice for all skaters, and if you confine your activities to four-inch ice, there's little danger of accident. Under any circumstances, every outdoor skater should be prepared for emergencies, should know exactly what to do if he breaks through the ice, and how to rescue a companion who may be in trouble. Every winter we read of lives lost because of panic, confusion, and ignorance of proper rescue methods. Often several persons drown in trying to help one who has broken through the ice.

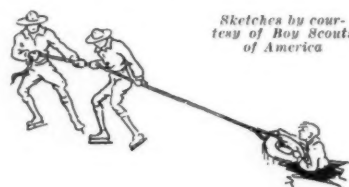
Several seasons ago, the various types of ice rescues were tested by representatives of four organizations: the Boy Scouts of America, the American Red Cross, the Skate Sailing Association of America, and the Girl Scouts. These hardy individuals plunged numerous times into the icy waters of a lake, trying rescues with plank, ladder, rope, pole, human chain, etc. The experiments were done under different weather conditions—on a calm, sunny day with a temperature of thirty-four degrees, and on a clear, windy day with a temperature of fourteen. Of course the experimenters were given physical examinations before entering the water, were warmly dressed in wool clothing, and carefully attended as soon as they had finished their work.

We asked Captain Fred C. Mills, National Director of Health and Safety for the Boy Scouts and one of the experts who tried out the various kinds of rescues, to give us the benefit of his advice.

"The person who goes through the ice," he said, "has a very much better chance of getting out, even without help, if he keeps cool. Don't laugh—cold water doesn't always calm the mind! I have seen people just burn themselves up with terror, even though half frozen below the neck. Then, maybe with one foot on the bottom, I have known them to fight and claw at the ice and scream for help. Finally, when worn out, they have

gradually gone down in water only shoulder deep—all because they were so panic-stricken they could not think."

The Captain emphasized the fact that it's more fun, and a lot safer, to skate with a group of people. Then, if an accident should happen, there will be someone at hand to help you. Rescue equipment should be kept in readiness for an emergency, the best device being a ring buoy attached to a stout



rope. If it is not possible to obtain a ring buoy, the end of the rope may be bunched and knotted to about the size of a person's fist. This knot will make the rope carry better and farther, and enable the person in the water to get a good, firm grip. A piece of wood, or short stubby branch, tied into the end of the rope, will serve the same purpose.

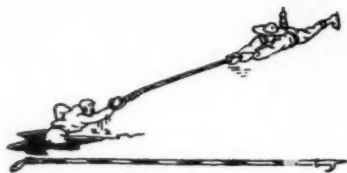
In throwing the ring buoy or knotted rope to the victim, the rescuer must be equipped with skates or "creepers" (spur-like attachments for the shoes, to prevent slipping) or have some other means of bracing his feet firmly; otherwise he will only pull himself toward the hole.

Sometimes the person who has fallen through the ice cannot even grasp a rope. In that case a noose should be made in the end of it, thirty inches in diameter, and this will probably enable him to slip his head and one arm through. A completely helpless person can best be rescued by someone deliberately going out for him. A rope should be fastened under the rescuer's armpits and held by assistants on shore, or on skates. When close to the hole, he should lie down and spread out as much as possible, keeping his feet well apart, in order to distribute his weight.



A plank, or ladder, may also be used successfully in pulling a person out of the water, provided he is not too numb or weak. The plank distributes his weight to the thicker ice away from the hole, and the edge of the surrounding ice will not break so completely. Where possible, it is a good idea to slide the plank across the hole, from one side to the other. If the victim cannot lift himself out, but can hold on, the plank may be used to pull him out. In this case, too, the rescuer must have his feet braced securely. As a last resort, the rescuer may approach the edge of the hole on the plank, preferably on several planks laid out to distribute his weight, and drag the victim out.

A long pole is a good rescue tool, if the person holding it is properly braced with skates or creepers, or is aided by several persons holding hands and thus reaching back to some strong support. As a precaution, a



noose thirty inches in diameter may be fastened to the end of the pole, to enable the victim to slip his head and arm through.

There is really no excuse for failing to have rescue equipment within reach, for it is easy enough to secure. However, if no rope, plank, ladder, or pole, is at hand the human chain method may be used. Rescuer No. 1 slides cautiously on his stomach toward the hole in the ice, then grasps the wrists of the victim, who is pulled up on the ice, on his stomach. Rescuer No. 2 slides out in the same manner and grasps the skate of No. 1 with one hand, using his free hand to help him move backward. No. 3 kneels, grasping the skate of No. 2. No. 4 stands and acts as an anchor, grasping No. 3, bracing his own skates and carefully working backward, taking up the gain as the chain moves. No. 1 gives the command for each pull. It is necessary for all in the chain to keep their weight spread out.

Let's hope that you never break through the ice when there's no one near by to pull you out, but, if you should ever find yourself in such an unfortunate situation, remember that advice about keeping "cool." Self-rescue is entirely possible, but you'll have to think quickly and clearly.

A good precaution is to carry—*sneaked*—in your pocket, a small sharp object, such as a large nail, spike, or Scout knife.



The first thing to do, if suddenly plunged into the water, is to extend both arms on the surface of the ice in order to support the body. In this position the legs naturally tend to come up forward under the ice, and this should be prevented by doing a crawl kick; in other words, planing the body on the surface of the water. This exercise will also tend to ward off chill. The weight of the lower part of the body will be supported by the water, not the ice; thus the victim can get support from ice otherwise too thin to hold him up.

He should next try to crawl forward, maintaining the planing position, until his hips are at the edge of the ice; then quickly swerve sideways, and with arms extended above the head, roll quickly away from the edge of the hole. The quick pull-out can be helped a great deal by using the aforementioned sharp object as a sort of icepick—to give a pulling purchase on the smooth surface.

In a self-rescue, the victim should not attempt to climb straight up out of the hole, because his weight will usually break the edge of the ice. After pulling out in the planing position, even if the ice is apparently holding well, he should not attempt to kneel, or stand up, until well away from the hole. Thin ice will often support distributed weight, as in a spread-eagle position on the stomach;

whereas, when the entire weight is concentrated on a small point, such as the knee or foot, the ice will crack.

After immersion in icy water, the victim should receive first aid as soon as possible. Warmth and dry clothes are essential. If these are not available, he should skate rapidly, provided he is able to do so.

When you are on a winter hike, the question of drinking water is important. In addition to a canteen or thermos bottle full of water, it is advisable to have in your kit some Halazone tablets. In an emergency, if you find it necessary to use water from questionable sources, these tablets will make it safe for drinking. Add one or two Halazone tablets to each pint, and allow it to stand for at least thirty minutes before using. Or you may add one or two drops of iodine to each quart. Remember iodine gains in strength as the alcohol in it evaporates, so make sure that you carry a fresh supply. Of course, if you are able to boil your drinking water (for five minutes), that is a simple way to insure its purity.

It's wise to consult the weather man before starting off on a winter hike, but, since he isn't infallible, you ought to know what to do if overtaken by a heavy snowstorm. Old woodsmen say it's the wind that causes most of the discomfort and suffering in a blizzard, and they advise seeking the shelter of a snowbank, because that forms an effective windbreak. Good shelter can be afforded by digging a hole in the snow, large enough so that the persons seeking refuge will not come in contact with the snow. The air surrounding them will help to conserve body heat, and the temperature in the shelter will be considerably higher than that outside. Thus protected, in a really bad storm, the chances of surviving are much greater than when trying



to struggle on, in the wind, to a destination.

Perhaps, this winter, you're having most of your outdoor fun on a neighborhood hill set aside for safe coasting. We do hope you choose *that* kind of hill, and not one where you're in constant danger of crashing into an automobile. If you're tempted to take chances where there is traffic, stop and think—for, in addition to risking your own life, you'll be setting an awfully bad example for little folks. Hundreds of children are killed and injured in this way every year, and it's the job of every responsible person to keep them in safe coasting places.

In talking about first aid for winter sports, we forgot to mention frostbite. Anyone exposed to wind and low temperatures, even in walking a few city blocks, is likely to suffer this affliction, and it's a painful one. You've heard, of course, that the frost can be dispelled by rubbing with snow, and perhaps you've encountered some country folks who recommend that kerosene be applied to the frostbitten member. Captain Mills, our cold weather expert, says that under certain circumstances these methods of treatment may do more harm than good. Snow, a poor conductor of heat, changes very slowly in temperature, either upward or downward. Snow temperatures range from thirty-two degrees above zero to twenty-two below, at times when air tempera- (Continued on page 37)

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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

NEW HOPE IN AN OLD LAND

Germany's barbarous treatment of the Jews has raised this problem—where can these victims settle now? Many observers have believed that Palestine was the only region ready to take care of a great number of Jewish emigrants at once. Such a resettlement plan required Great Britain's consent since she has been controlling and policing the Holy Land, by mandate of the League of Nations, since 1923. When asked for her consent, Great Britain said, in effect, "I'll think it over."

Why the delay? No fair-minded Englishman denies that the Jews have done wonders in Palestine. They have turned sand dunes into orange groves. They have built splendid new towns. From the start, however, they've



had bitter enemies—the Arabs. People of Arab blood make up two-thirds of Palestine's population of more than one million, three hundred thousand. Seemingly, they want all Palestine for themselves.

In an effort to end a growing confusion, the British sent a commission to the Holy Land. That was in 1936. The commission advised that Palestine be partitioned between the Jews and the Arabs, with the English holding a "corridor" between Jerusalem and the sea. The result of this plan for orderliness was—worse disorder. Arabs shot down Jews, British soldiers; they hurled bombs from windows; they exploded mines hidden under roads. Groups of Jewish farmers and their families had to take refuge in big communal homes, with stockades and barbed-wire entanglements around them for protection against possible raids.

Last summer confusion reached a climax. British armored cars roared from village to village. Street fighting broke out in Tel Aviv, in Jerusalem. Finally the British had to scrap their plan for partition. They called a round-table conference of Jews and Arabs, to meet early in 1939.

Opposition to the Jews has come partly from Arab bandits and cutthroats. Also, it is part of a Pan-Arab nationalist movement, a holy war. The Pan-Arab leader is Haj Amin el Husseini, Grand Mufti of Jerusalem. (The term "Mufti" means, in Arabic, an expounder of Mohammedan law. There's a sketch of this

particular mufti, in the column at the left.) His bright dream of uniting all the Arabic-speaking peoples is just a nightmare to English statesmen.

British leaders decided to postpone, until the Jewish-Arab conference, any discussion of a large, immediate influx of German Jews into Palestine. They feared new killings.

The name, Jerusalem, means "inheritance of peace." All people of good will are hoping the London conference brings peace, and gives great numbers of refugees a chance to settle in their traditional homeland.

HOW GOOD ARE YOUR ZOO MANNERS?

When we look at healthy animals and birds in zoos, few of us realize just what a job it is to keep them well. In New York City's Bronx zoo, for instance, there's a Veterinary Department, complete with an animal hospital, a surgery, and a laboratory.

Germs are Enemy Number One. An endless battle goes on against them. All walls and floors in the animal buildings are scrubbed with disinfectants. Every day the animal kitchen is washed with a lye solution and hosed down with live steam.

Diet is all-important for good health—and the right diet may seem to us, in some cases, rather strange. A dispirited nightingale regains its zingo if fed common house flies. Marmosets feel better when they eat a certain number of grasshoppers and crickets. Birds of paradise don't do well, in zoos, unless they get plenty of ant eggs.

A giraffe sometimes gets "the longest sore throat in the world"—and finds it no joke. The cure? Brandy mixed with water has been tried, by some keepers, with fair success.

Veterinarians and keepers alike tell us, "Please don't feed the animals!" Too many people, after paying taxes to build and maintain zoos, thoughtlessly kill the animals, or make them ill, by throwing them such things



as rubber balls, bottle caps, tops, cardboard boxes. Many animals—poor things!—are so trusting that they'll eat just about anything offered them.

Creatures in public zoos belong to all of us. It's up to all of us not to destroy them.

FIGHT FIRE WITH FORETHOUGHT!

In many American cities, during the past few years, firemen have been making the rounds of dwellings on unhurried, systematic inspections. There were no blazes to put out. These "smoke-eaters" were hunting fire hazards before there was any smoke to eat. Most householders proved willing to heed advice. As a result, fires in the residence districts of these cities dropped about fifty per cent.

If just such inspections took place each year in every American city and town, our country would be a safer place to live in. As things are, some ten thousand people lose their



lives annually through fires. And, in the last ten years, the property loss has swung between two hundred and thirty-five million and more than five hundred million dollars—a ghastly toll in both life and property.

Most blazes, authorities tell us, are preventable. Here's some advice on prevention:

Be sure that no inflammable rubbish is cluttering up your cellar or your attic. Statistics show that such accumulations are the leading fire hazard. Flames get a roaring start there. And, occasionally, spontaneous combustion occurs in rubbish heaps.

If you live in a house with a burnable roof—made, for example, of wooden shingles—fire inspectors may tell you there's danger of a blaze started by sparks from chimneys. Flues, chimneys, furnaces, and stoves can start blazes, if defective. Inspection, followed by expert repair work, will make them safe. Chimneys, so we're told, should be cleaned regularly.

It's wise not to do any dry-cleaning with inflammable fluids such as gasoline or naphtha. Use, rather, carbon tetrachloride. It's non-burnable and not too expensive.

Many fires start because people forget to disconnect electric flatirons after use. Some break out when the coverings on extension cords of floor lamps, and of other electrical appliances, have been torn or worn down, with short circuits as a result.

Remember to use only safety matches yourself, and to keep all matches away from young children.

Think before fire comes; it may be too late for effective thought after a blaze has begun.

KEEP WELL IN WINTER!

People in rigorous climates used to think wintertime was, of necessity, bad-health time. Too often they were right. There was a prejudice against fresh air, a scarcity of the right foods. Blood-rousing winter sports weren't as popular as they are now. To-day, there is a growing realization that, with some thought and care, we should be able to keep well in the cold months. Here are a few winter-health tips from doctors:

Eat heat-giving fats, such as bacon and butter, but don't neglect oranges, apples, and other fruits, tomatoes, and leafy vegetables such as lettuce, cabbage, spinach, watercress. Carrots help to prevent colds. Cod or halibut liver oil, whether "loose" or in capsules, is still considered essential in a good winter diet—as is lots of milk.

Most of us don't drink enough water or milk when the thermometer is low; this tends to bring constipation. Six or eight glasses a day is a good intake, physicians say.

Most of us keep our homes too hot. Approximately sixty-eight to seventy degrees is, it seems, the best temperature for health and efficiency.

It's wise, when out in the cold, to breathe deeply through the nose—which is nature's air-warming apparatus—rather than through the mouth.

Following a few rules may save many doctor's bills.

THAT GARLAND GIRL

A singer, known to millions, who has never had a singing lesson! That description fits Judy Garland, the fourteen-year-old movie starlet. True, Judy has been singing long



enough to master lots of vocal tricks: she began at about two, and, at two and a half, she lifted up her voice in an eager rendition of *Jingle Bells*, on the stage of the small theater

her father owned. She delighted that audience of long ago. It was a good omen. Recent movie audiences have been equally pleased with her.

Judy Garland is the youngest of three talented sisters—only, her name was Frances Gumm, then. All three of the little girls sang. Their mother used to book them, as a trio, in theaters and vaudeville houses. She herself was their accompanist. As the children—Judy, especially—grew better known, George Jessel, in whose vaudeville show they appeared for a time, suggested that the name, "Gumm," wasn't very romantic. He advised "Garland" instead. So Garland it was. Later, Judy herself insisted that everybody call her "Judy" instead of "Frances." Judy was a lucky name, she said.

It proved to be lucky—for her. Her acting, her singing, brought her success, notably in *Broadway Melody*, in *Pigskin Parade*, in *Everybody Sing*. Now Judy earns fifteen hundred dollars a week as a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star.

Her older sisters? They left the act. One of them got married. Judy's mother is still the inspiration she has always been, right from *Jingle Bells* days.

SINGING CINDERELLA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

to be a "B" picture (which meant that little money could be spent on its production). Deanna's part called for all acting and no singing, and the directors couldn't agree who should be the star.

Finally Henry Koster saw Deanna's possibilities and tried to interest the other directors. "Let's rewrite the script to give Deanna the lead, with more singing and less acting. I'll train her myself."

It was a lucky move for Universal Studios when they decided to follow Henry Koster's advice. Although the finished film cost twice as much as the original budget allowed, it was a tremendous success. Deanna Durbin's star had risen!

Her second picture, "One Hundred Men and a Girl," with Leopold Stokowski, was an even greater success, and "Mad About Music" put her without dispute among the stellar great of Hollywood. In three pictures she had become one of the most talked of and loved young girls in the world.

The directors carefully chose the pictures for their star, letting her grow up gradually in each one. In her latest film, "That Certain Age," she was given Jackie Cooper for a boy friend and Melvyn Douglas for a puppy-love romance. Her next picture will be "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," a kind of sequel for her first; then will come "First Love."

Would you like to follow Deanna through a typical work day? She is out of bed at five-thirty—no chance to cast a sleepy eye on the clock and groan, "It's too early! Guess I'll just sleep a few more winks." A warm shower, followed by cool water, wakes her up, and it doesn't take long to dress. Then a dash downstairs for her morning glass of orange juice, perhaps a cup of hot chocolate. "I never used to eat any breakfast," she will admit with a grin, "until the doctor got after me."

Relaxing in her car, as it shoots up the lovely Cahuenga Cañon between her Hollywood home and Universal City, Deanna runs over her lines for the day's scenes. At the studio, everything is ready to go into action.

She enters one of the big sound stages on the lot, a great brick building which looks large

enough to house a dirigible. In one corner the prop-men are putting finishing touches on the day's set. Overhead, men are creeping along the catwalks, focusing klieg lights, adjusting "ear flaps," shouting questions. Across the set, and around furniture and lights and cameras, run electricians, sound men, extras, camera men, make-up girls, stand-ins, directors, script girls.

It looks like bedlam, but it isn't. Every person on the job has a specific task to do, and does it. It is an amazing example of efficient cooperation.

FIRST Deanna's hair must be done by the studio hairdresser, and she must report to the wardrobe department for her costume. Then her pretty face must be given a thick coat of orange grease-paint and camera make-up, to make her appear as natural on the screen as in real life.

The stand-ins, dressed and made up to resemble the main actors, now take their places beneath the hot klieg lights. Here they stand for what must seem hours, as directors and camera men shift them an inch this way or that, change this light and that, on their tired bodies. Finally, when the cameras are perfectly focused and the lights catch the actors at just the right angles, tape or chalk marks are made on the floor to mark their places.

Deanna has been wasting no time on the sidelines. The director has gone over the details of the scene with her, explaining carefully when she asks, "Why do I do that?" "Why should I feel that way?" (Scenes are shot in such a jumbled order that actors sometimes do not know the complete story until the finished picture comes out.)

Taking her place before the cameras with the other actors, Deanna must hit the exact marks on the floor, to be perfectly in focus.

The director briefly sketches the general action and a rehearsal is begun. The actors will rehearse again and again, dozens of times if it is a particularly difficult scene, until every detail is right.

Finally the director calls out, "This is a take!" A boy holds up the scene number as

the camera man says, "We're rollin' 'em!" The sound man calls out a warning, "Quiet please!" and the scene is under way.

Maybe the first one doesn't go just right, or the second, or the third. The actors must cheerfully begin again, put their whole hearts into living the scene. Even Deanna, new troupier as she is, seems to realize when she isn't putting her best into a film. She will stop herself in the middle of a scene to say, "Let's try it again. I know I can do better than that!"

When it has finally met the satisfaction of the director, Deanna is by no means through. There must be a medium shot taken, with all of the refocusing, changing of lights, rehearsing; then all over again, a third time, for the close-ups.

Deanna has just a snatch of time off for lunch, and somehow she manages to squeeze in her required three hours a day tutoring between calls. (How would you like to try to concentrate on Alexander Hamilton, or the conjugations of French verbs in the midst of such excitement?)

At six o'clock, a very tired little star is bundled into her car, whizzed back through the cañon to her big, quiet home. She hasn't much energy left for the nightly romp with Tippy, but the silky black dog is happy to welcome her just the same.

After supper, are there parties, movies? Hardly. Up in her bedroom Deanna runs through her script for the next day, gives her shining hair its regular hundred licks, and tumbles into bed. The alarm clock is set—for five-thirty.

How would you like to have lunch with Deanna? Since she is now between pictures, let's suppose this busy young star somehow manages to make you the happiest girl in the world by asking you over to the lot.

At the studio café you are met by her manager, who guides you to Deanna's favorite table by the wall. "She'll be here in a minute," he explains, as you watch Mischa Auer, in dark orange grease paint and a tuxedo, cross the room. "She has school here from nine till twelve, and she is allowed fifteen minutes to comb her hair and wash up."

While you are watching Jackie Cooper and Edward Everett Horton in deep conversation across the next table, someone slips into the chair beside you. You turn, startled, to look into a young face with softly waved brown hair brushing the shoulders. Deanna's eyes are reflecting the blue of her sweater as she smiles and says simply, "Hello!"

Before you are even introduced, you like Deanna Durbin. She makes you feel that you have always known her, like Midge, or Lucy Ellen, or any of the girls back home. You feel that this charming, natural young girl can't be a glamorous movie star with the world at her feet. She can't be that golden-voiced singer whose name is blazed around the world in electric lights—she's just another girl like you!

"Have you ever been inside a studio before?" Deanna is asking you.

You admit you haven't, and she promises to show you around a bit if you get through lunch in time. "I have my music lesson with Mr. Seguro at one-fifteen," she tells you.

Deanna orders some tomato soup and some breaded veal cutlets, mashed potatoes, and carrots. You are too excited to read the menu anyhow, so you order the same.

Over your lunch, you say, "These are good carrots, aren't they? Are they your favorite vegetable?"

"Just about," she will admit. "Though I like almost any vegetable—except spinach! I just can't manage that one."

"Even with all the propaganda of Pop-eye?" you ask with a smile.

"Even with all the propaganda of Pop-eye!" she laughs back.

Soon you are eager to know about her work. "Isn't it terribly hard work making pictures, posing hours for stills, having fittings for costumes, practicing voice and piano several hours a day—all besides going to school?"

Her answer is simple and direct. "Yes—it is."

"And yet you love it?"

"Definitely."

It seems hard to realize that there could be so much energy, so much driving determination, in one girl. "But don't you get tired of the autograph hunters, the crowds, the interviews, the feeling that you have no more privacy than if you lived in a goldfish bowl?" you ask.

"It's all a part of the job. A person gets used to it," she returns, smiling.

"Don't you ever get frightened in front of a crowd? How do you know what to say when you meet so many people?"

Deanna laughs. "I never worry ahead of time about things like that. If they ask you a question, just answer it!"

That simplicity and directness are typical of Deanna Durbin, you decide, as you ask, "But what do you say when people just stand and gawk at you?"

"If they stand and gawk at you, you don't have to say anything." (You wonder if you could carry off the many duties of a star with such level-headed poise.)

Over milk and chocolate cake for dessert, Deanna confides that the one thing she can never get used to is her fan mail. Every week brings her thousands of letters, "from everywhere," she will tell you. "From China and South America and England—and last week I even had a letter from the Sultan's daughter in Siam. And they send me so many wonderful things, almost anything you can mention. I keep them all, some at home and some here in my cottage. Would you like to see the cottage the studio gave me?"

"Would you!" You trot happily out of the back door behind Deanna, onto the lot. By the wall stands a girl's bicycle. "That's where I

get most of my exercise," she points out. "I use it to ride around the lot." As you stroll down the cement driveway between the great brick buildings, you notice her friendly greetings to prop men and directors alike.

Across a stretch of lawn, you go to a little white cottage in Regency style. It is nestled in a corner, with a tiny picket fence around it, rows of flowers, and a little brick walk. Inside are Deanna's books, her piano, a little kitchenette, a place to rest between scenes on a not-so-busy day. In back, under some big, shady trees, is a brick-floored patio with deck chairs.

But Deanna is a busy girl, with every moment of her days filled. She looks regretfully at the little round gold watch on her wrist. "Nearly one-fifteen! I'll have to hurry, so I won't keep Mr. Seguro waiting. I must be back here again at two-thirty for sound recordings. We're working on the songs for my next picture already."

You wonder how fame, money, success, can compensate for such a rigidly scheduled life as Deanna must lead. Little time for dips in her beloved swimming pool, few gay parties or good times with a "gang" of her own age, no chance for hikes in California's beautiful mountains. But her abounding energy and the determination to do her best in everything she undertakes carry her on where weaker girls might fail.

Now Deanna is saying, "Good-by," telling you how happy she is to have met you—and you feel she really means it. You decide you can never forget the vibrant personality of this girl with the sparkling eyes and winning smile who took sudden fame in her stride, this girl of lovely poise, who knows no conceit.

Before she leaves, you ask, "Isn't it a thrill to have realized your ambitions so young?"

Deanna looks at you, clear-eyed. "But I haven't—yet. I still want to sing in the opera."

FUR, FINS and FEATHERS III

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

housebreaking and sometimes it takes three months to bring about perfect behavior.

Don't rub a puppy's nose in filth, or whip him unless it is absolutely necessary. Punishment for mere stupidity creates only greater confusion and stupidity. When punishment seems the only way to enforce obedience, use a folded newspaper, never your hand. Strike the puppy lightly with it on his rear—that will frighten him, but will not hurt him. Always try to show him the right, and substitute approved pleasures for mischief. A puppy that is a saint would be a bore, but beware of relaxations of discipline! One exception, one giving way to laughter, and days and weeks of training may be undone.

Treat your puppy as if he were a reasonable being and try to get his point-of-view. Win his trust, and let every experience he has with you show him you can be relied on. Speak to him quietly—never shout—and be good-natured. Since he has come to love you, your praise will accomplish wonders.

Whipping an older dog may indicate your failure. If you must whip him, however, as for stealing, do it instantly and swiftly and make up to him at once, so that he knows you love him but detest his behavior. Never use his leash as a whip, and never call a dog to you to punish him. Get him in the midst of his crime. Remember that your disappointment and firm but gentle rebuke is his severest punishment.

One most important thing for both puppy and older dog to learn is to come when you

call. Attach a ten-foot string to his collar, say "Come here," pulling him towards you and praising him when he arrives. Do this about six times, and twice later in the day. Work on it three or four days, releasing him from the string when you're sure he'll come, and the lesson should have sunk in. *Never let him disobey this order*—modern traffic being what it is, his unflinching obedience may one day mean his life. If he does disobey, go to him, scold him roundly, and if he's still a young dog and won't be too deeply shamed, go back to the string stage of the lessons. Never, on the other hand, give the command to show your power, or when he can't be expected to obey, as when he's eating.

This lesson illustrates the two bed-rock fundamentals of dog training. Never give a command you cannot enforce and never give a command more than twice, the first time to get attention, the second meaning business. "Come here" should, of course, be given only once. Speak quietly but distinctly with the intention of being heard. Don't work on lessons more than fifteen minutes at a time, and no longer than both of you enjoy them. Review old lessons before starting new ones. Don't train beyond the bare necessities until your dog is a year old.

A dog should learn to "sit" and "lie down"—this will take care of behavior before visitors—to "go to bed," and to walk on leash without winding himself around you and passers-by. Extras may be "go home," "steady," "quiet," "shake hands," and "fetch."

Use short, simple, never-changing words. Don't expect him to have a large vocabulary.

Good manners and proper behavior are a source of pride to the dog as well as to the master, and reflect credit on you both. The more you expect of a dog—in behavior, in responsibilities such as carrying packages and bringing in the newspapers—the happier and brighter he will be.

NOW for cats. Though they seem a law to themselves, cats can be trained, and should be. If they bite when they play, or are too free with their claws, a light spanking and a tap on the paws will soon teach gentleness. Spank with a folded newspaper—striking it on the floor beside the cat is as effective as using it directly on him—or take him up and administer correction by hand. Don't hit stomach, sides, head, or ears.

Kittens should be completely weaned before they are ten weeks old, though it is safe to take them from the mother cat at six weeks.

During the weaning, the kittens should learn to lap milk and to eat a tiny bit of pulp of raw beef. Lime water may be added to the milk, a tablespoonful to a quart of milk.

By the time the kittens are completely weaned they should have five meals a day, three of milk, and two of raw beef. Raw egg may be added to the milk or given alone as the kittens get older and stronger. Reduce the number of feedings gradually until, by the time the kitten is six months old, he will

be used to only two meals a day, just like any grown-up cat.

At about three months introduce your kitten to vegetables, via lettuce finely shredded. Give whole wheat cereals now and then, also broth made of meat and vegetables.

If your kitten is to be kept in the house, provide a pan for him, with pieces of newspaper which can be easily disposed of. Place the pan in a secluded spot near the kitten's bed. Rinse the pan often, or he won't use it again but will hunt another place. Praise the kitten for success. If he makes a mistake, take him at once outdoors, or to his pan, scold him, and clean up the spot thoroughly. No animal is more easily trained in these matters than a cat, and housebreaking ought not to be a lengthy process.

A FEW words about illnesses in both dogs and cats. Symptoms are usually lack of appetite, listlessness, dull coat, and fever. Most trouble can be traced to wrong food and lack of exercise, and is therefore preventable. But sometimes illness strikes like a bolt from the blue. When you acquire your pet, inquire where a competent veterinarian may be found. Not all veterinarians, by the way, understand cats and dogs. Find one who does, and then, if anything happens, call on him at once instead of resorting to medicine bottles that you do not understand.

With dogs, the chief things to watch out for are worms, fits, and distemper. All puppies get worms, and, as a rule, getting rid of them is not difficult. But since there are several kinds of worms, and all worm medicines are strong, it is unwise to worm your puppy except under the direction of a vet. A great deal of misery is inflicted upon dogs by people who give them worm medicine when they do not need it.

Fits are likewise fairly common, especially among puppies at teething time. Do not get panicky if your puppy has a teething fit, but put him by himself in a cool quiet place. In a few minutes he probably will come out of his fit, and will soon fall asleep. During the next few days do not let him play hard, or get excited, or tired. If he continues to have fits, take him to your vet for advice. In older dogs fits are sometimes due to over-exertion, and to lack of meat in the diet.

Distemper is the scourge of dogs and particularly of puppies. Inoculations against this disease are a wise precaution, and are indispensable for dogs that are to be brought up in the city. The inoculations should be given by a veterinarian, of course—over a period of about six weeks in order to be effective. But even with inoculations, a dog *can* get distemper. The surest safeguard is good health which not only builds up the dog's resistance, but also is a factor in pulling him through, if he should contract the disease.

Many dogs die of distemper because their

owners do not recognize the disease until it is too late to do anything about it. If your dog has a hot dry nose, mattery eyes, stomach upsets, and a cough, don't dismiss these symptoms lightly. He may have only a cold, but he may be coming down with distemper. The disease is highly contagious; therefore do not let your dog associate with strange dogs, and do not take him where there are other dogs unless he has been inoculated.

Both constipation and diarrhea afflict dogs from time to time, even in the best regulated homes. Milk of magnesia is a safe laxative to give with the dog's food. For a real cathartic, give a dose of castor oil, preferably in the capsule form put up for dogs.

Diarrhea may be due to faulty diet—too many vegetables, perhaps, or possibly to trips to the neighbors' garbage cans! A severe chill may also bring on the condition. Whatever the cause, keep your dog warm and dry; give him milk that has been boiled and then cooled to room temperature. If the diarrhea continues, take your dog to a vet at once.

Running through the fields, especially when there is a great deal of dust or pollen about, frequently causes a dog's eyes to become red and irritated. Bathe them with a weak solution of boric acid, about one quarter of a teaspoonful to a glass of warm water. Use a piece of absorbent cotton, a clean piece for each eye. Be gentle with the dog and he will soon come to accept gratefully this treatment which he finds so comforting.

Cats take better care of themselves than dogs, but when they do fall ill they are very ill indeed. They are inclined to crawl away alone. Like puppies, many kittens have worms and have to be wormed under the direction of a veterinarian.

Both cats and dogs do better at home than in a hospital, when they are sick, although there are times when a hospital is desirable and necessary. But dogs, in particular, recover twice as fast if given companionship during illness. Disinfect dishes, bed, your hands, as carefully as for a human patient. Many diseases are communicable to other animals and some to humans.

When handling or lifting your pets, whether sick or well, take them up by the loose skin over the shoulders, and support the hind feet. Or support both front and hind feet. To leave the hind quarters dangling may cause rupture. Never drop an animal from a height, or allow an animal to jump from an unaccustomed height. Puppies and kittens should be picked up as little as possible and never handled unnecessarily.

If an animal bites you, don't conclude that it is mad. Perhaps it is frightened, or has been teased, or is in pain. Suck the wound, rinse out your mouth with plenty of water, and go to a physician immediately. The danger of rabies is slight, but it is best to take due precaution.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

BE PREPARED!

tures range from fifty above to twenty-two below. So it is possible that the snow used by a victim to thaw out his frosty nose and fingers may actually be as cold as the air that caused the damage in the first place! Kerosene, too, may be far below the freezing point if it has been standing in a cold place.

Another point about snow. If it is rough, there is danger of its breaking through the skin surface. When frozen flesh is damaged, permanent destruction of the tissue is likely to follow.

First aid authorities recommend the fol-

lowing method of defrosting: get out of the wind as quickly as possible. Introduce warmth gradually by bringing the injured member into contact with some other part of the body. For example, place the open hands over frostbitten face or ears, or put freezing hands inside clothing, close up under the armpits. Placing hands and feet in cold water indoors, or applying cloths wrung out of cold water, are other safe methods which bring quick results. In this case the temperature of the water should be raised *gradually*, as the frost disappears, until it is lukewarm.



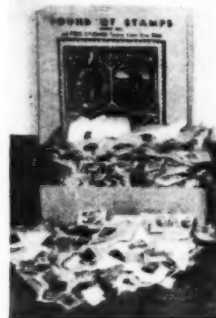
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WHAT'S ON THE AIR?



This list has been selected by permission from the Educational Radio Check List published in "School Management Magazine." Readers are asked to recheck the programs in their local papers, in case last minute changes have been made.

RADIO offers a wealth and variety of material—laughter for the heart, food for the mind, music for the soul. Radio brings to each of us, sitting at home in our own living rooms, great music played by a superb orchestra and conducted by Arturo Toscanini himself; the voice of Helen Hayes speaking the lines of a fine play; Christmas carols around the world—from London, Oberammergau, Bethlehem, Honolulu; Grand Opera, direct from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, sung by the most famous voices of the operatic world; reports of events at home and abroad as they are actually

taking place. The turn of a knob on a dial is all that is necessary to make this miracle occur.

"WHAT'S ON THE AIR?" is edited for the girl who wishes to be a discriminating radio listener, whether alone, with her family, or with a group of friends in club, class, or Girl Scout meeting. This new AMERICAN GIRL guide to fine radio programs is intended for the girl who does not wish to waste time aimlessly tuning in. The programs that follow are sponsored by the Columbia Broadcasting System, the Mutual Broadcasting System, and the National Broadcasting Company.

The time indicated is Eastern Standard Time.

SUNDAYS, A. M.

10:30-11:00
NBC-Red **Music and American Youth**—These programs will be performed by girls and boys in high schools throughout the country.

SUNDAYS, P. M.

12:00-12:30
MBS **Dr. Charles M. Courboin**—Fine organ recitals.

1:00-2:00
NBC-Blue **Great Plays Series**—Jan. 8—"She Stoops to Conquer" by Goldsmith; Jan. 15—"School for Scandal" by Sheridan; Jan. 22—"Mary Stuart" by Schiller; Jan. 29—"Hernani" by Hugo. A "Great Plays" pamphlet, Part II, covering the plays until May 7th, may be had for ten cents a copy from The National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York City. It gives plot, setting, sketch of author's life, facts about the premiere of each play.

2:00-2:30
CBS **Americans All, Immigrants All**—This series dramatizes the building of our nation, and highlights the contributions of all races and nationalities to the greatness of America.

3:00-5:00
CBS **Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York**—Fine symphonic music by one of the world's great orchestras, John Barbirolli conducting. Deems Taylor talks about the program during intermission.

4:30-5:00
NBC-Red **The World Is Yours**—Dramatizations of adventures in the world of science, based upon exhibits in the Smithsonian Institution.

6:00-7:00
NBC-Blue **New Friends of Music**—Chamber music series, with works of Bach, Haydn, and Beethoven played.

10:30-11:00
CBS **Headlines and By-Lines**—H. V. Kaltenborn interprets foreign news of the week; Ralph Edwards interprets national affairs; Gilbert Selles, the arts. (A good program for week's current events.)

MONDAYS, P. M.

5:00-5:30
CBS **Let's Pretend**—Classic fairy tales dramatized by Nila Mack, with a cast of young actors.

6:00-6:15
NBC-Red **Science in the News**—The latest inventions and developments in science explained in simple language.

7:45-8:00
NBC-Blue **Science on the March**—Dr. Ray Forest Moulton, noted physicist, tells some of the stories behind the great scientific discoveries of modern times.

9:30-10:00
MBS **Symphony Orchestra**—Conducted by Eric Delamarter.

TUESDAYS, P. M.

5:00-5:30
CBS **Music for Fun**—The Columbia Symphony Orchestra, with Howard Barlow conducting. Girls and boys appear on each program to talk about music played. William Spier acts as interlocutor.

WEDNESDAYS, P. M.

5:00-5:15
CBS **March of Games**—Boys and girls who like asking and answering questions are given a chance on this program twice a week. Arthur Ross, fourteen-year-old master of ceremonies, and Sybil Trent, eleven years old, take prominent parts.

5:15-5:30
CBS

So You Want to Be—Successful persons in all walks of life, hotel managers, sports writers, firemen, policemen, foresters, social workers, radio masters of ceremonies, etc., are interviewed by girls and boys who want to follow in their footsteps.

6:30-6:45
NBC-Red

Music Is My Hobby—Non-professional musicians perform.

THURSDAYS, P. M.

Let's Pretend—See "Mondays."

Sinfonietta—Small symphony orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein.

Eastman-School-of-Music Orchestra.

America's Town Meeting of the Air—Modeled on the town meetings of old New England, at which voters gathered to hear arguments on common problems and to question speakers about points on which they wished more information. (A good program for girls who take part in school and club meeting discussions.)

10:00-10:30
CBS

The Columbia Workshop—Unusual radio dramas.

10:30-11:00
CBS

Americans at Work—Industrial life dramatized in interviews with workers in tunnels, laboratories, factories, steamships, etc. (Ties in with activities for "My Community" and "My Country" badges.)

FRIDAYS, P. M.

March of Games—See "Wednesdays."

5:00-5:15
CBS

Men Behind the Stars—Dramatizations revealing the scientific facts of astronomy and the personalities of men who devoted their lives to exploring space. (Interesting program for "Star Finders.")

9:00-10:00
CBS

Radio Playhouse—Orson Welles, brilliant young actor, puts on a series of plays.

SATURDAYS, A. M.

11:00-12:00
Jan. 14, 28
CBS

Young People's Concerts—The Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, conducted by Ernest Schelling, who comments on the music played.

SATURDAYS, P. M.

12:00-12:15
MBS

This Wonderful World—Girls and boys take part in a program conducted from the Hayden Planetarium.

1:15-5:00
NBC-Red

Metropolitan Opera.

7:45-8:00
NBC-Red

Lives of Great Men—Distinguished literary critics tell how great men and women earned fame and influenced their own and future times.

8:30-9:00
NBC-Blue

Original Radio Plays—The works of contemporary authors are presented.

9:00-9:30
CBS

Men Against Death—Dramatized stories of science's fight against disease and death. From Paul de Kruif's well-known book.

10:00-11:30
NBC-Blue, Red

N. B. C. Symphony Orchestra—Led by the great conductor, Arturo Toscanini.

OUTSTANDING PROGRAMS DURING SCHOOL HOURS

Some of you have already listened to these programs in school. If not, you might talk to your teacher or principal about having them during school hours. Sixty thousand schools report they listen to the Damrosch program on Fridays during Music Appreciation Hour.

CBS AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR, 2:30-3:00, P. M.

Mondays **Frontiers of Democracy**—Jan. 9, Recreation; Jan. 16, Education and the Nation; Jan. 23, Children and Youth in Democracy.

Tuesdays **The Music of America**—Jan. 3, American Grand Opera; Jan. 10, American Symphonic Music; Jan. 17, Music composed by students in American high schools.

Wednesdays **This Living World**—Current affairs.

Thursdays **New Horizons**—Jan. 5, Reptiles of Land and Water; Jan. 12, Wings over the World; Jan. 19, Our Remaining Wild Life; Jan. 26, The Vanishing Wilderness.

Fridays **Lives Between the Lines**—Jan. 6, Giants in the Earth, Ole Rolvaag; Jan. 13, Under the Lion's Paws, Hamlin Garland; Jan. 20, Nine Prisoners, William March; Jan. 27, In Dixon's Kitchen, Wilbur Stout.

MONDAYS, P. M.

2:00-2:30
NBC-Blue

Adventures in Reading—Dramatizations of lives of authors on junior high school reading lists. This program emphasizes for school listeners the pleasure to be found in worthwhile books.

TUESDAYS, P. M.

12:50-1:15
NBC-Red

Music Makers—Radio music lessons for girls and boys who have musical instruments.

WEDNESDAYS, P. M.

2:00-2:30
NBC-Blue

Your Health—The story of good health and its value in everyday life.

THURSDAYS, P. M.

2:00-2:30
NBC-Blue

Ideas That Came True—Dramatizations of the origin and development of present-day methods of communication and travel. Includes stories of railroads, steamships, movies, radio, telegraph, newspapers, etc. Current news affecting each of the subjects will be included.

FRIDAYS, P. M.

2:00-3:00
NBC-Blue

Music Appreciation Hour—Under the direction of Dr. Walter Damrosch. Jan. 6—Flute and Clarinet, Motion in Music; Jan. 13—The Classic Suite, Beethoven program; Jan. 20—Oboe, English Horn, and Bassoon, Fun in Music. Student notebooks written to help listeners may be had by writing to N.B.C. (National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York City), series of four at ten cents each. During the program Dr. Damrosch explains about different instruments and kinds of music.



WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

BALLERINA. Unusual and intensely interesting story of a little girl whose misguided devotion led her to hurt a talented artist. Excellent acting by the principals as well as the children in the cast, beautiful ballets, good music. Outstanding in every respect. In French with English titles. Excellent, but mature. (Mayer-Burstyn)

THE CITADEL. The screen version of the best-selling novel is a tremendously moving picture. It follows the career of a young doctor (Robert Donat) who, for a time, loses sight of his early ideals, but is fortunate enough to have a wife (Rosalind Russell) and a friend (Ralph Richardson) whose sacrifice brings him to his senses. Magnificent acting by the supporting cast as well as the principals. Fine direction. Notable photography. One of the screen's outstanding achievements. (MGM)

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. An outstanding short subject, done entirely in beautiful technicolor, showing the exciting and dramatic incidents which led to the signing of this famous document. (Warner)

YOUNG IN HEART. Thoroughly delightful account of the adventures of a family of charming people (Billie Burke, Roland Young, Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) who think the world owes them a living until the friendship of an old and lonely lady (Minnie Dupree) makes them ashamed of themselves. Richard Carlson is good as the out-spoken Scot who has fallen in love with the daughter; Paulette Goddard is attractive; good supporting cast. An outstanding production. (Un. Art.)

Good

ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD. Highly entertaining comedy with music about a troupe of actors stranded in Paris, where their leader (Jack Benny) meets a millionairess (Joan Bennett) whom he mistakes for a poor girl. (Para.)

BLONDIE. The individual and collective propensity of a young married couple and their child for getting into trouble makes an entertaining comedy. The characters are taken from a nationally known comic strip. (Col.)

COWBOY AND THE LADY. Thoroughly delightful, although not in the least pretentious, is this story of the lonely daughter (Merle Oberon) of a man obsessed with political ambitions, her blind date with sympathetic maids of the household (Patsy Kelly, Mabel Todd) and the resultant romance with a cowboy (Gary Cooper). Harry Davenport is excellent as an understanding uncle with jitterbug tendencies. Good direction; beautiful outdoor photography. (Un. Art.)

DOWN ON THE FARM. The Jones family visits an aunt's farm where a cornhusking contest provides many opportunities for slapstick humor. Unfortunate emphasis on the potency of corn liquor. (Fox)

GANGSTER'S BOY. Interesting presentation of the problem which arises when a boy, who is the leader of his high school class in studies and sports, discovers that his father is an ex-racketeer. Jackie Cooper gives a sensitive, well-rounded performance. (Mono.)

For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

GREAT WALTZ. The music of Johann Strauss (Fernand Gravet) pervades the score of a romantic re-creation of his life, his marriage, a notorious affair with a charming opera singer (Miliza Korjus) and his eventual reconciliation with his wife (Luise Rainer). Lavish production; beautiful music. (MGM)

JUST AROUND THE CORNER. When a little girl's (Shirley Temple) father (Charles Farrell), a struggling architect, explains that Uncle Sam needs help, she thinks he means the wealthy banker she knows, and does something about it in her usual straightforward manner. (Fox)

LAWLESS VALLEY. With the aid of a hobo he meets on the road, a man (George O'Brien) clears his name and his father's of false charges. Good Western. (RKO)

PALS OF THE SADDLE. The Three Mesquites unearth and foil a plot to ship munitions out of the desert to a foreign power. Very good Western. (Rep.)

SIXTY GLORIOUS YEARS. The reign of Queen Victoria (Anna Neagle) from the time of her marriage to Albert (Anton Walbrook) to the Diamond Jubilee. Highlighted are the opening of the Crystal Palace, the Egyptian campaign, the Crimean War. Impressive though episodic in treatment. All in technicolor. (RKO)

SUBMARINE PATROL. Exciting story of the "splinter fleet" assigned to seek and destroy submarine bases during the World War. Through it all runs the romance of a clever young man (Richard Green) who knows all about engines but nothing about discipline, and the daughter (Nancy Kelly) of the ship's captain. Very good. (Fox)

WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM. Cowboy (Tex Ritter) sets out to find the men who murdered his mother and are engaged in illegal buffalo killing. Good Western. (Mono.)

YOUNG DR. KILDARE. Young interne's (Lew Ayres) strict interpretation of the ethics of his profession and his courage win him the friendship of a famous diagnostician (Lionel Barrymore). (MGM)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

Good

ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD

BLONDIE

DOWN ON THE FARM

GANGSTER'S BOY. Mature, but good

JUST AROUND THE CORNER

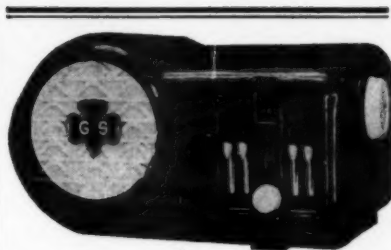
LAWLESS VALLEY

PALS OF THE SADDLE

SIXTY GLORIOUS YEARS

WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM

YOUNG IN HEART. Mature, but very good



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EACH year new responsibilities are taken up by young Americans. Each year Americans become increasingly aware how important it is for citizens to take an intelligent interest in the affairs of our democracy. *How to Be a Responsible Citizen* (Association Press) by Roy V. Wright and Eliza G. Wright is, in content as well as name, a challenge for every girl. The purpose of this book is to indicate the responsibility of the citizen, and to point out in detail how he should discharge his civic duties. The authors believe that the situation has become so serious in our great Republic that its citizens must be sharply challenged. The first part of the book tells of the type of government that we have; how it differs from the early democracies; what are its essentials; what effect the restrictions from suffrage have had and what the future possibilities are, and the effects of the machine age on government. The second part specifies the simple but important duties that should be performed by every good and loyal citizen. The remainder of the book gives helpful suggestions for obtaining more information, with a closing section on the broader aspects of the citizen's responsibilities. This is a book to study and discuss in the family, at Girl Scout meetings, and at school.

MANY American girls are good citizens. There is a delightful group of new stories about jolly young citizens who have adventures and meet responsibility squarely. If you find girls in these books whose ambitions and ideals are similar to your own, you will enjoy their good times and sympathize with them in the way they solve their problems.

First there is Lynn Garrow. You may remember her from *The Mounted Falcon* and from *The House of Many Tongues* by your own Fieril Hess who, together with Edward Caswell, the illustrator, was recently decorated with the Order of the White Lion by the Czechoslovakian government. Now Lynn appears in *Castle Camp* (Macmillan). She is the same lively California girl who won the affectionate regard of the family on Piñon Ranch in Nevada where she taught school shortly after leaving college. She has spent two-and-a-half years in Central Europe. The Student Home at the University of Prague that she helped to plan, build, and organize is now in the hands of a Czechoslovak staff.

Lynn's new project—a summer camp for girls—filled her with eager enthusiasm. You will read how Lynn and Mary Thorley, with Zelenka, a soldier-chauffeur, started out in a big open car from their castle home in Prague

By NORA BEUST

*Chairman of the American Library Association Board
for Work with Children and Young People*

to find castle number two, the future home of the summer camp. There were castles and to spare, but no camps, so the two girls were furnished a list of "empty castles" by the government bureau that was cooperating in the venture. They did find a castle that was later named Devin, after a legendary stronghold built by a band of women. The camp included Czechs, Slovaks, Germans, Hungarians, Slovenians, Poles, Austrians, Russians, three Americans, and a Serbian. The Americans were a resourceful group. Josie said that she spoke three languages fluently—English, Gestures, and Mash—"Mash" being the name Lynn gave to Josie's inimitable mixture of English, German, and Czechoslovak.

Lee, who came to take Lynn back to America, said, "My luck has been even greater than I hoped, for my girl has the most golden dowry I could imagine—understanding, generosity, humbleness of spirit as well as fire, and the affection and friendship of the Daughters of Devin. I know that you have contributed largely to this dowry of Lynn's, and to you I say 'Thank you' and 'Na zdar'."

The jolly, mysterious, and tragic happenings in and around the castle show that Lynn, Mary, and Josie, together with their companions from Central Europe, succeeded in attaining a camp in which all who came there worked together for the common welfare and, in so doing, had marvelous good times.

SARAH Ann Reid is the second of this group of girls who proves herself a responsible citizen. She appears as heroine in *The Little American Girl* (Houghton, Mifflin) by Marjorie Hill Allee. Last year the same author wrote of life at Chicago University in *The Great Tradition*. Sarah is a hockey-playing sophomore in a Midland college, with the desire to be a newspaper woman as one of her miscellaneous ambitions. Suddenly, as a result of a letter from home, Sarah has to decide whether or not to leave college in the middle of the year to live at the Quaker International Center in Paris with the Truebloods, as "house daughter." Sarah learns that she and a German girl would share the housework with Mrs. Meg Trueblood. To quote, "She will scrub, dust,

sweep, make beds, sew, cook, wash dishes, bathe the baby, entertain guests, serve tea, meet trains, show tourists around Paris, lead an English club at times, and so forth. She will not be asked, of course, to help in any work that Meg herself does not do. And in addition she may take a course at the Sorbonne, the Alliance Française, or the like."

Miriam, Sarah's cousin, thinks the proposition sounds like threshing week on the farm, but Miss Pietsch, her French teacher, thinks the Paris Center offers an opportunity to meet English, French, German, Russian, Chinese, Swiss—oh, many nationalities. Miss Pietsch also tells Sarah that, in many European countries, young people are drafted into service, but that she may volunteer her free service to some good purpose—and a free gift is twice a good gift. Sarah goes to France to carry out her three-point program, to learn French, meet people, and grow up. Needless to say, she succeeds. You will enjoy experiencing these things with her.

SHEILA is the third heroine. Her name in real life is Charlotte Lockwood, and she is the illustrator of Alice Ross Colver's *Adventure For a Song, Sheila's Junior Year Abroad* (Dodd Mead). Yes, the experiences are founded on fact. Sheila finds it difficult to say good-by to her mother and dad as the boat leaves the dock. Fortunately, her dad salutes her. That is the right gesture. She accepts the challenge to go alone to Exeter in southwest England for her Junior year in college. Through the international group of students, and holidays spent in London, on the continent, and two weeks in Norway, Sheila broadens her friendships and understanding of people, and comes to the decision that art is the career she will follow for herself.

The fourth heroine, Judith, stays at home on the farm and learns to make a living from the apple orchard and other farm produce. You will admit her into your group of responsible citizens after you have read what determination, careful thought, and understanding of human nature it takes to establish a successful roadside market. There are good times and romance, too, that make Judith seem very real in *Highway Past her Door* (Longmans) by Mary Wolfe Thompson.

Letters to Children (Macmillan), compiled by Eva C. Connor, is an excellent collection of letters that may be associated with good citizenship. The letters were written by famous people such as Mark Twain, Lewis Carroll, Kate Greenaway, and Walter Hines Page—in most instances to their own children. Some are jolly, others sad, moralistic, or affectionate, but all are worth reading.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

ILL WIND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

That afternoon, Bushy felt compelled to go over to the drugstore and lay in a fresh supply of "non-pareils"—a form of confection for which she had a secret passion. The combination of the little flat chocolate discs and small unrelated sugar grits held a fascination which could not be duplicated by anything else. As Bushy entered, her eye at first on the large glass jar which held more non-pareils than even she could eat, she became aware that Marjorie Olmsted occupied a seat at the fountain, absently consuming a double chocolate ice cream soda. The opportunity seemed too good to be thrown away; Bushy sidled up on to the stool next to Margie.

"Why, hello, Bushy! The good old appetite urging you on, as usual?" Margie inquired genially. At least, the coldness did not extend to Lofty's sister, then.

"No," said Bushy to the soda clerk. "Just ten cents' worth of non-pareils—that's all I want."

"I can hardly believe *that*," smiled Margie. "Come on, what'll you have?"

"Oh, well then—" beamed Bushy. "Well, I'll have a strawberry milk shake," she decided modestly, seeing that her dime had already gone for the candy, and that this was evidently to be on Margie.

They sucked amicably for some time, while Bushy thought over a nonchalant approach. Then she observed in an offhand manner, "Well, how time flies! The Half-Moon Dance is all but here, isn't it?"

No guilty start, no bitter sneer, no angry flush, marred Miss Olmsted's considerable beauty. "Yes, only a couple of weeks away," she agreed frankly.

"Have you decided who you'll go with?" Bushy wondered discreetly, eying Margie sideways above the strawberry milk shake.

"Well—no, I haven't," Marjorie admitted. Was there a shade of hesitation, a hint of sadness? Bushy wished the light were falling the other way, so she could see the suspect better.

"I suppose simply hordes of people want you to go with them—you're so attractive," said Bushy with the guile of the serpent, forcing herself to take a line quite foreign to her.

"Why, Bushy!" laughed Margie, blushing a little. "I never heard you flatter anyone before."

"And not likely to again," thought Bushy to herself. "Ugh!" and she gurgled the last of the milk shake through the straw. "But aren't there," she demanded aloud, "simply oodles of them?"

"Well, I'd hardly say that!" laughed Margie. "I'm a little perplexed, that's all. You don't happen to know—" she began, looking at Bushy, and then stopped, apparently thinking better of whatever she'd meant to ask. Bushy stared at her in turn.

"Is there any reason—" she started, and then she, too, stopped. There was something about the delicate nuances of this situation, sure enough, that checked her usually unfettered tongue.

"Too idiotic!" she grumbled, as she realized that Margie had laid down some coins and departed with a wave of the hand. Bushy gathered up her bag of non-pareils, and, pensively consuming a few, made her way home.

She thought it better to say nothing to Lofty of her encounter. Margie's behavior

had given her no clue to the ignoring of his invitation, and he would merely be infuriated to know that Bushy had tried—however tactfully—to worm something from her. As a matter of fact, Lofty was occupied in writing when Bushy came in, and from his grim and set expression she would not have dared interrupt, anyway.

"There!" he cried defiantly, as he executed the flourish with which he nowadays ornamented his signature. "I hope *that'll* fix her!"

"What'll fix who?" Bushy wanted to know. "Or is it whom? I never am quite sure."

Lofty licked the envelope savagely.

"I'm inviting Elberta Ainslee to the Half-Moon Dance," he informed her.

"Elberta Ainslee!" repeated Bushy, bewildered. This young lady lived some fifty miles away, and was a summer playmate.

"Yep," said Lofty vindictively. "If Marjorie Olmsted doesn't deign to go with me—doesn't deign even to answer me—there's no other girl in this town who'll get the chance. Mother says she'll have Berta for the week-end. She'll knock 'em cold."

"I don't think Elberta Ainslee's such a much," Bushy argued. "Why, Margie's a thousand times prettier and more fun."

"Not to me!" cried Lofty, and, smashing on his hat, he departed for the mail box.

"Wait! Wait a minute!" shouted Bushy, careering after him. "I've just seen Margie—she was perfectly friendly—she treated me to a soda—she—I'm sure there's some mistake—you'll get in a mix-up! Lofty—wait!"

But before she could catch up with him, the green box had swallowed an elegant invitation to Miss Elberta Ainslee, and the irrevocable clank of its iron jaw seemed to give Lofty a grim satisfaction.

HIS somewhat uneasy triumph endured for the ensuing forty-eight hours. He went about in a sort of tight-lipped gratification, employing most of his spare moments in working upon his parents to permit the much desired tuxedo.

"Really, not this time," his mother said firmly. "I'm entertaining Elberta Ainslee for you. And I really don't consider the Half-Moon Dance as important as the Spring Prom. You shall have it then, as we said you should."

"The Half-Moon Dance is unutterably important—to me," mumbled Lofty. How could he explain that the dinner jacket was even more desirable now than before; that to appear in the splendor of it, with Elberta Ainslee on his arm, was necessary to complete the penitent confusion of the faithless Margie Olmsted?

"Nothing doing!" Mr. Ryder stated forcefully, indulging in an unexpected bit of slang which silenced his son more effectually than other phrases might have done.

Bushy was tired of her brother and his goings-on. She had a headache, which she attributed to having finished the bag of non-pareils rather too soon.

"Molehills!" she told herself. "That's what he makes—molehills out of mountains. No, that can't be it. Mountains out of—oh, well, he makes a lot of fuss. Why should I get a headache over *him*?"

But the situation suddenly became a thing—not of delicate nuances, but of earth-

quake, cyclone, chaos, and total devastation, which drew the entire family perforce into its black and bottomless vortex. Bushy, going out for a breath of fresh air, came upon her brother slumped in an attitude of collapse upon the hall seat, surrounded by the afternoon's mail which was scattered about him like the petals of a ravaged flower. It was easy enough to extract the two letters from his nerveless grasp. His mouth opened and shut feebly like that of a sick goldfish, but no protest came forth. Bushy moved into the light of the door and scowled at the first missive.

Dear Lofty:

Your sweet invitation was such a delicious surprise! Of course I'd adore nothing better than to come down for the Half-Moon Dance. I'll arrive on Friday, the nineteenth, on the five-forty-seven, as you suggest—and I can hardly wait till then. I'm writing now to thank your darling mother for her dear invitation for the week-end.

With wonderful anticipation,

Elberta

"Well, what's so bleak about that?" Bushy demanded, rubbing her forehead. "You wanted the girl to come, didn't you? How she does run to goo, though! Positively sticky, I call it."

Lofty gave a faint gulping squeak and flapped his hand weakly towards the other letter, which Bushy now raised to her bewildered eyes.

Dear Lofty:

What can you have been thinking of me? Through some weird postal mistake, your grand invitation was sent to two other towns, marked undelivered, and finally got back to me. But it's not too late to tell you that of course I'd love to go to the Half-Moon with you. I haven't said 'Yes' to any one else yet, sort of hoping you'd ask me. I can't word this nearly as nicely as your invitation, but it's more fun to write than to telephone—and I do so appreciate your letter. It makes the whole dance so important.

Yours ever,

Margie

"Oh," said Bushy. "Oh! Well, you have done it, my boy. Now what?"

Lofty's only reply was to bury his head in his hands and groan.

It was indeed a situation which all the groans in the world could not solve. A situation to which even Mrs. Ryder's adult tact failed to find an answer.

"You'll have to write to Elberta and tell her you have the plague, or something," Bushy advised.

"I wish I had—oh, I wish I had!" moaned the stricken Lofty. "But she'd find out, easy enough. She'd find I'd taken Margie and practiced deception. It'd come out—even next summer it would—and then where would I be?"

"In a tight place, as usual," said Bushy, tartly. "Well, then, you'd better go and see Margie, and tell her you've been an unutterable nitwit, and that you really detest Elberta, but you have to go through with it."

"Impossible—completely impossible," Lofty cried despairingly. "Don't you see the implications of that?"

"Imp what?" said Bushy wearily.

"It would mean I'd have to admit I suspected her of behavior I really know she's not capable of." (Continued on page 43)



FOR A FASHION-CONSCIOUS YOUNG LADY

1695—Two fashions combined in this frock, dearly loved by every schoolgirl . . . the shirt waist and the dirndl. Crisp white collar, long or short sleeves. 8 to 16. In 14: $4\frac{1}{4}$ yds. 35" material.

1713—Shirt waist and pleated skirt, wonderful for school, perfect if you like to contrast and vary your frocks! 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 16 (34): blouse, $17\frac{1}{8}$ yds. of 35" material; skirt, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yds. 39" material.

1674—Two-piece suit that's really easy to sew, and it includes a separate suspender belt! Choose a pastel wool for it. In 12 to 20; 30 to 38. In 16 (34): for suit, $27\frac{3}{8}$ yds. 54" material; belt, 1 yd. same width.

1703—Make this adorable one-piece frock for afternoon parties and choose a soft silk print for it. Gored skirt joins blouse under belt. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. In 16 (34): $3\frac{1}{4}$ yds. 39" material.

Each fifteen cents

These Hollywood Patterns especially selected for readers of this magazine, can be purchased through THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49th Street, New York, New York.

Be sure to state sizes when ordering.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

ILL WIND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

refusing to answer, and going with somebody else, and all that."

"Well, you did suspect her of it, didn't you?" snapped Bushy.

"But that's different," Loftly moaned, "entirely different. I couldn't ever let her know—now."

"Don't see what else you can do," said Bushy. "For goodness sake, can't you make up your own mind, if you have one? It's your tough spot."

"Well, you needn't get red in the face at me over it," said Loftly crossly.

"I'm not," said Bushy. "That is, am I?" She decided she was, to her annoyance. "You're enough to make anybody all colors of the rainbow."

All this was just before supper, and the family gathered in an atmosphere of gloom, suspense, and discomfort.

"I could wish all three of the parties concerned were at the bottom of the sea," Mr. Ryder commented bitterly, observing his son's haggard countenance. "Is this going to keep on from now until the dance? Hasn't any one thought of a polite way out of this stupid affair?"

"There is no polite way," groaned Loftly. "That's the trouble."

Even Mrs. Ryder reluctantly admitted that making a clean breast of the matter to either or both girls, while it might have to be the last resort, would be both painful and discourteous. She would never have invited Elberta, she declared, had she not supposed, from what Loftly told her, that Marjorie had actually declined.

"What else could I think?" Loftly tried to defend himself.

"Did you think, is the question," murmured Bushy with a sigh.

"Look!" said Mr. Ryder, half jesting. "You've even spoiled Bushy's appetite. She's not eating!"

Failure of Bushy's celebrated appetite was such an unheard-of state of affairs, that it

momentarily distracted the attention of the whole family from Loftly's dilemma.

"Who'd want to eat in the midst of a miserable bear garden like this?" she demanded. "It gives me a pain in the neck!" Her hand crept to the angle of her jaw, as she realized that the pain in the neck was quite literal.

As her family went, still arguing, into the living room, Bushy made her way to the pantry. It was a favorite spot, and she was usually to be found there at odd hours in quest of stray snacks of food. But tomorrow's chocolate cake, its icing cooling in the window, attracted her no more than tonight's supper. Instead, she sought among the bottles on the shelves until she found the one marked *Vinegar*. Determinedly she poured a spoonful, and, tilting back her head, she drained it off. The resultant agony caused her to execute an involuntary war dance around the kitchen, to the annoyance of Hulda, who was trying to do the dishes.

"Vy you yoomp youmps in my kitchen?" demanded Hulda, flapping a dish cloth in Scandinavian indignation. "Sometimes Ay tank you bane crazy. Or sometimes Ay tank you make me crazy."

A hand clapped over her ear, Bushy crept wordless from the kitchen, leaving Hulda further surprised. She expected, and usually got, a lively retort from Miss Beatrice.

LOFTY was sprawled on the davenport, his lanky legs out-thrust in dejection, his hands nervously turning over and over in his pockets the shredded remnants of the two fatal letters of acceptance. Bushy slipped in and sat down beside him, laying her head upon his shoulder in a sisterly, but highly unusual, attitude.

"Get your frazzly wig out of my ear," demanded Loftly. "Gosh, it's like having an electric toaster perch on you. You're as hot as a sizzling frankfurter."

"Darling," sighed Bushy, "you were wishing you had the plague, weren't you? Well,

you have been—you are—you are being—exposed to the mumps."

"Whatcha mean?" gasped Loftly, springing away as if he were galvanized.

"I mean—I have the mumps," stated Bushy, simply and wearily. "I remember now; some kids in Sunday School were supposed to be coming down with 'em a couple of weeks ago. They were sent home. I forgot about it. I suppose I swallowed a germ."

"Get away from me!" gibbered Loftly. "Mumps! I don't want your foul disease! I don't want your old mumps! I—"

"Well, of all the ungrateful brutes!" said Bushy. "Don't you see, you goop, don't you see? The Half-Moon Dance is in two weeks. In two weeks you'll be peacefully coming down with the mumps. You won't have to tell any polite fibs, or anything. It'll be true—true, stupid."

There was silence, as light dawned in Loftly's tormented brain.

"All too true," sighed Bushy thickly.

Loftly looked at her. A tear was trickling slowly down each crimson cheek, and there was an undeniable puffiness under the angle of her jaw.

"I—I couldn't manage to think up any way of getting you out of your silly old jam," she said, "but—maybe this'll do. It's an ill wind that doesn't blow somebody some good. I think—I think I want to go to bed."

Loftly gazed at her, and in his eyes was a genuine tenderness, a look of pity from one human being to another.

"You poor—old—kid," he said slowly. Then he did an unheard-of thing. Bending over, he kissed her resoundingly upon her feverish lips.

"T-thank you," said Bushy humbly, as she staggered toward bed and mother.

Loftly settled back on the davenport and closed his eyes. "Now I'll be sure to get it," he sighed, as a blissful contentment flooded his whole harassed being.

WHERE IGNORANCE WAS BLISS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

Intervale and I did want to get there quick as I could."

She started to open the door, but Quentin firmly closed it.

"Don't you give us another thought. We're only playing, and we have the rest of to-day and to-morrow. All we need is a little patience. If I snapped off one of these nuts, we'd be here for the rest of our lives."

Slowly, carefully, he progressed and had just kicked off the rim of the tire when a cheery shout echoed through the valley. Down the road, sitting on their skis, swooped Adele and Bud.

"I was so worried, I had to cut class and look for you," scolded Adele.

"Uh, huh—but don't forget about the windbreaker," added Bud. His latest "big moment" gave him a chilly glance.

"It's all my fault," apologized the owner of the car through the window. "They would stay and help me."

"Well, naturally—noblesse oblige—they could do no less," Adele agreed cheerfully.

"Can I give a hand?" volunteered Bud.

"Not if you're returning with me," interposed his companion. "I must dash along

and comb my impossible hair—to suit the celebrated Herr."

"Lesson interesting?" asked Midge wistfully.

"Marvelous, simply marvelous!" Instead of departing, Adele sank on the running board.

"Look out for the nuts," growled Quentin. Adele paid no attention. "Midge, darling," she wheedled, "I've been thinking—that red parka of yours would look swell in a movie. Want to see it immortalized?"

"Sure, I'll swap," agreed Midge, and did.

"Gee, the fuss Del makes—leaving the lesson early and chasing miles for that parka—you'd suppose she was going to be in a professional picture," grumbled Bud. "I wish that piece of cheese was back in the Alps. He's spoiled our morning good and plenty."

"Jealousy—the fly in all celebrities' ointment!" mocked the skier's model, rising from the running board. "Come, Grouchy, cheer up. Think how proud you'll be when you see me on the silver screen!"

Down the road they slid on their skis. "Lesson doesn't seem to have taught them much," commented Tin.

Finally their task was completed and the old car was ready to run again. Genuine gratitude shone in the country woman's pale blue eyes, as she expressed her rather inarticulate thanks; then she rattled off, noisy as a dog trailing a tin can.

"Well, that's that," sighed Midge, and picked up her skis.

"No sense going on to the school. Must be nearly twelve."

"Yop."

The two Don Quixotes eyed each other forlornly.

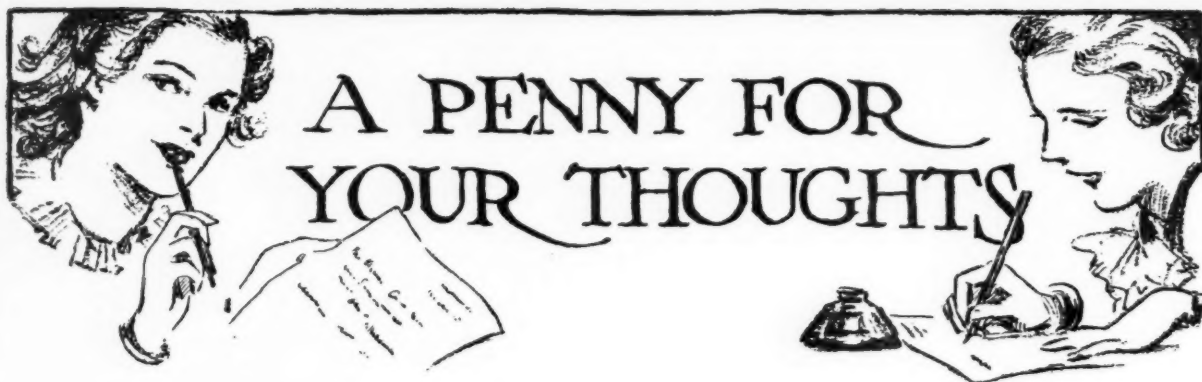
"Let's try skiing Aunt Sally's method," suggested Tin.

They buckled on their skis and essayed the gentle slope toward the hotel. In a second they had sprawled their length in the snow and found the long boards no help in regaining their feet.

"Vait for me!" called a jovial voice. Skiing toward them came Franz Kraus, feather and all. He stopped a few inches away, and swung himself around in a neat christie. "Vell, how vas de lesson? Not so good, eh?"

When they told their story, he laughed merrily.

(Continued on page 46)



MILDRED WANTS TO WRITE

SEBRING, FLORIDA: This letter is to tell you how much I enjoyed *Star Reporter*, by Janet Ramsay, in the November issue of my favorite magazine. I am very much interested in journalism and writing in general. I have read with interest former articles printed in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* connected with this subject, and have put them in my "Journalistic Notebook." In school I am taking French, Sociology, Psychology, and Typing, partly through suggestions given by Mildred Adams in *Writing for the Papers*, and by Fairfax Downey in *If a Girl Likes to Write*.

Besides giving me much enjoyment, *THE AMERICAN GIRL* proves itself to be a very helpful magazine in many ways. I am saving especially the issues which have articles on college in them, and I hope there will be more in the near future. The etiquette series helps socially, and, well—I could write pages on how much the magazine has benefited me.

Thank you for editing such a lovely magazine, and congratulations!

Mildred C. Heston

MORE ARE COMING, KAY

ONAWAY, MICHIGAN: Last year I picked up a copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* in the school library, and read it. I read it every month after that until school was out, and some back numbers, too. How I missed it during the summer! Then in August my mother subscribed to the magazine for me.

It is a grand magazine from cover to cover and I enjoy it very much. However this letter is to offer a suggestion.

I wish to congratulate you on printing *Do You Want to Be a Librarian?* by Nora Beust. Couldn't we have more articles about occupations and professions for girls? Perhaps there are others like myself who are juniors in high school and still do not know what they want to do. This type of article tells the kind of work, and the kind and amount of education required.

Kay Campbell

SURPRISE!

CHIENGRAI, SIAM: I am going to tell you how I received my first *AMERICAN GIRL*.

The mail comes to Chiengrai only on Tuesdays and Fridays and, if it is sorted by four o'clock P.M., the post office closes at that time and the mail is delivered the next morning. But we are always impatient to get it, so we go to bring ours home before four.

But sometimes, in the rainy season, the mail doesn't get in until eight or nine P.M.

Well, one day it did come late, and I was anxious to see what was in it. But it was eight o'clock when Dad brought it up, so we had to go to bed.

Early the next morning, before it was light, I woke up and saw faintly the outlines of a magazine on the foot of the bed. I supposed that it was some magazine Mother had dropped there the night before. However, I picked it up and looked at the cover. It wasn't light yet, but it was light enough to see the words *AMERICAN GIRL* very indistinctly. You can imagine how surprised I was, and delighted, too, for Mother had not told me she had ordered it. I opened it, but it was still too dark to read, so I crept into bed, turned on my flash light, and read until I could see without the use of any light. Then I put the flash light away, and continued reading until time to get up.

That was the May, 1938 issue, so I don't know much about the stories that are printed every few months, like the Bushy-and-Lofty ones, but I read and love every one.

Betty Beebe

DOUBLE TROUBLE

PHILLIPS, MAINE: I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for about three years and think that it is the best magazine in the United States.

My favorite story for October was *Double Trouble* which I thought very amusing. Some of the covers I especially like are the animal and bird pictures.

If *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is as good in the future as it has been in the past, I will vote for it every time!

Dorothy Worthley

A FASCINATING SUBJECT

CHESTNUT HILL, MASSACHUSETTS: Many thanks to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*! Why? Because it was through this wonderful magazine that I first became a Girl Scout.

Our Scout troop is divided into several sections, each one working on what it is most interested in. Our section has chosen that fascinating subject—travel. We have visited travel agencies and had guests speak to us on the subject.

Now, a little about myself. I'm fourteen years old, adore *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, read a great deal, play the piano, am interested in all sports, am a sophomore at high school, and my favorite hobby is letter writing.

I think our vocational articles are extremely helpful. The Bushy and Lofty series amuse me immensely, but my favorite is Lucy Ellen.

Dorothy O'Hearn

THE JULIETTE LOW ARTICLES

DANBURY, CONNECTICUT: I have greatly enjoyed *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for over four years, but I have never written to let you know how much I think of it. My apologies here and now—I will do my best to redeem myself in the future.

Please let's have more covers by Ruth Steed. The November cover was tops, and more like it would certainly be appreciated.

Bushy and Lofty are my favorite characters, with Midge running a close second. Lofty is everyone's big brother, and Midge is my ideal of an American girl.

The series of articles on the life of Juliette Low has brought all Girl Scouts closer to her, and has shown us what a really human person she was.

Beatrice Pierce's articles are in great demand, judging from the enthusiastic letters, and I second the motion to have more of them. I was pleased to learn from Jean and Joan that Miss Pierce's articles have been put into book form.

The Hobby-Horse Race was lots of fun and it has been fun, also, reading the prize-winning entries. How about making the contest annual?

Marita Campbell

FROM FAR AWAY BRAZIL

CUIABA, BRAZIL: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for two years, and in my opinion it is the perfect magazine for girls.

My mother and father and four children (I am one of them) live on a fifteen-thousand-acre farm. On it there is a missionary school. This year there are forty pupils whose ages vary from twelve to twenty-seven. We have school in the morning from seven to twelve. In the afternoon everyone works from one to three o'clock, after which they do as they wish till five-thirty supper. From seven to nine everybody studies for the next day's lessons. At six A.M. there is the rising bell—after which the whole thing starts again.

My sister and I ride horses, hike, paddle in our canoe, go swimming in the swimming pool, ride our bicycles, and do many other things.

Last year there was a grand rush for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—for that matter, there is this year, too. It takes mail five or six or seven weeks to get here. Sometimes even two months.

I love the Orson Lowell and S. Wendell Campbell covers—they are so natural.

The stories are great! Lucy Ellen, Bushy and Lofty, Meg and Phyl, and Em and Kip are my favorites. The Beatrice Pierce articles

help me a lot. *Laugh and Grow Scout* is perfect. *AMERICAN GIRL* patterns, *In Step with the Times*, and *A Penny for Your Thoughts* are the departments I read first.

The best story is *Happy Acres*. I feel sorry for every one of the people—excluding Mrs. Dittmar and Mrs. Gunnage. But I get furious when I am at the climax, and then see "To be Continued."

Marjory Moser

NANCY'S HOBBIES

RICHMOND, INDIANA: Last Christmas I received my *AMERICAN GIRL* subscription, and since then I have found nothing that gave me greater pleasure than the magazine. I like the Beatrice Pierce articles a lot, and I enjoy the Mary Avery Glen stories immensely. In fact, there isn't any story or article that I haven't liked.

You can BUILD a LOOM

"It's just right," said Marjorie, seating herself at the table. "It does sound funny, I know, but, you see, this loom is made like the old Indian belt looms; they used to cut splints to make the heddles out of—we use tongue depressors instead. They used rawhide for the belt, but we use tape."

"What is a heddle?" asked Mrs. Randolph. "And what is the belt for?"

"A heddle is something through which the warp is threaded so it can be moved up and down—something like a long needle with the eye in the middle instead of at the end. They are set together in heddle frames, so whole groups of threads can be moved at one time. The belt is used to fasten one end of the warp around the weaver's waist; the other end is fastened to a hook on the wall, or something stationary like a bed post, or a porch railing. This makes it possible to hold the warp tight while the heddle frame is moved up and down. Look here a minute, Mummy! I've bored holes in the middle of six of these tongue depressors, with this little awl. Now I'm going to fasten them all together. It says to lay the first tongue depressor with a hole in it vertically between two without holes placed horizontally, like the picture; then to tie them securely with the twine. Starting with a slip knot, wind first around the two horizontal pieces, then diagonally both ways over all three. (See page thirty.) There, that's easy! Now I must insert another vertical one and continue to wind the string the same way. Oh, dear, that isn't so easy! I can't get the string in between the depressors."

"Perhaps a big darning needle would help," Mrs. Randolph reached for her needle book. "Here, try this one—thread the string into the needle."

The needle made things go much better, and Marjorie soon had all six of the depressors with holes in them fastened neatly and firmly between the two horizontal strips. She then placed the two remaining depressors at the bottom, like those at the top, and fastened them, winding them in the same way.

By this time Joan had returned with her materials, and came over to help Marjorie. She took the small six-inch strip of wood, and cut a notch near each end; then she tied one end of the tape to one end of the stick, and made a loop at the other end of the tape so it could be slipped over the free end of the stick and fit into the notch.

In the meantime, Mrs. Randolph had found

I am very fond of music, and my favorite sports are swimming, tennis, and badminton.
Nancy Coffin

JEAN AND COMPANY

GLENCOE, ILLINOIS: May I say hello? I've never written before, though I've taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* since 1933. A few minutes ago, however, I finished a book called *Jean and Company—Unlimited* by Helen Perry Curtis—and it came to me in a flash where I had heard that same story and admired that same phrasing before. In *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, of course! I tore madly to our attic in search of my old magazines. Well, I found them, and the same articles, only it was Sue instead of Jean—*Sue Goes to—, Sue Visits—*, etc. Well, I read all the articles and enjoyed them even more than I did the first time.

Betty Baxter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

two balls of white yarn and several small skeins of bright colors. The girls decided to try out the Tee-dee loom with the wool instead of the string.

"And if it works," said Joan, "we can weave a white scarf and embroider it with the colors."

They decided their scarf should be thirty-six inches long, so they measured eleven lengths of yarn, adding eighteen inches to the thirty-six inches desired. This was to give them plenty of free warp at each end of the weaving to tie to the belt and wall. These ends could later be made into fringe.

The eleven lengths of yarn were arranged evenly and tied at one end to the small stick. The first thread was then passed through the hole in the first depressor, the second passed between the first and second depressor, the third in the second hole, and so on.

The threads were then pulled tight and fastened to the living room door knob. Marjorie put the tape around her waist, fastened the loop into the notched stick, and said delightedly, "Now, Joan, I'm ready to weave."

"Not yet, Marj! You haven't made your shuttle yet." Joan held up the piece of cardboard. "We'll make one for my loom, too, while we're about it."

Joan was rapidly drawing an outline on the cardboard—two parallel lines six inches long and one-and-a-quarter inches apart. At each end she drew a V-shaped notch.



"I think I'll cut out several," she said, cutting along the lines with her mother's big scissors. "The shuttles, you see, are used to wind the woof on; and the woof is the thread that is passed back and forth between the divided warp threads—so, if you want to use different colors, you need a different shuttle for each color."

Swiftly Joan wound some yarn on the cut-out cardboard shuttle; then she came over to the door where Marjorie was waiting with the tape belt around her waist.

"Now," said Joan, "when you lift up the heddles, the threads in the holes come up, and the threads between the depressors stay down; when you push the heddles down, you reverse the shed."

"What's the shed?" asked Marjorie.



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"It's the triangular space between the two sets of threads," answered her sister. "Start weaving in back of the heddle frame, close to your body. With the right hand, pass the shuttle through the threads, while the left hand is holding the heddles raised. Tuck in the end of the thread so that it does not show. Lower the heddles and pass the shuttle through to the right. See, it works!"

Marjorie was excited as she pushed the shuttle back and forth, watching a half-inch of cloth grow before her eyes.

Joan took a little comb out of her purse, and used it to push the woof threads evenly together.

"Isn't it fun?" she asked. "Now let's get my loom made, and then we'll take them over to the girls."

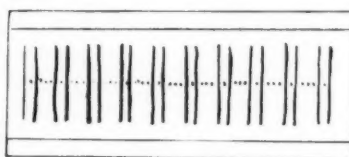
Marjorie reluctantly unfastened her belt, rolled the warp around the little loom, and came over to where Joan was laying out her materials—a wooden box twelve inches long by ten inches wide by three inches high; some nails one inch in length; heavy cardboard; a bottle of glue; a small bottle of shellac; six screws an inch long; one screw eye; a ball of string; a screw driver; a hammer; some sand paper; and a sharp knife.

The girls first removed the sides of the box, leaving the two ends attached; these ends were made firm by fastening them with the six screws, three on each end, screwed in from the bottom. The wood was then sand-papered until it was smooth. The nails were

driven in about half their length, at the outside of the base of the two upright ends. They were placed very close together and it took about fifty nails for each end. The screw eye was placed at the back of the loom near the last nail. With the knife, a notch was cut in the top of the upright ends above each nail.

The girls then made the heddle frame by cutting a piece of cardboard eleven inches long by four-and-one-half inches wide; in this cardboard, slits were cut—these slits began one-and-one-half inches from each end of the cardboard, were three inches long, and were alternated one-quarter and one-half inches apart. To make the frame strong, strips of cardboard three-quarters-of-an-inch wide were glued above and below the slits.

Holes were then bored in the strips between the slits—one hole in the quarter-inch, three holes in the half-inch, to give a pattern when weaving.



The heddle frame and loom were given a coat of shellac. When the shellac was dry, it was a simple matter for the girls to put on

the warp. The string was fastened to a nail in the back, brought forward, passed through the first slit in the heddle frame, looped around the first nail in the front, passed back through the first hole in the heddle frame, looped around the second nail, brought forward—and so on until all slits and holes were filled. Each warp thread was fitted into the notch at the top of each nail. When the loop was passed around the last nail, the warp thread was passed through the screw eye, pulled tight and tied. An end was left so it could be untied in case it was necessary to tighten warp threads.

Delightedly the girls began weaving—using exactly the same means of changing the shed as they had with the Tee-dee loom—raising and lowering the heddles with the left hand as they passed the shuttle back and forth with the right.

Joan was annoyed because her loom wouldn't set firmly—the whole thing pulled up when she raised the heddles.

"I wish I had another hand to hold it still—it jumps around so," she said.

"Try this little C clamp," said her mother, taking one from her work basket. "I got this at the ten cent store, and you can clamp your loom right to the table."

"Fine!" Joan smiled appreciatively. "That's all we needed. Now let's pack things up and start for Second Avenue. Dump your yarn and 'carpet rags' into this basket, Mummy, and we're on our way."

WHERE IGNORANCE WAS BLISS

"So, dat's vat de machine age does for you. Und you nefer got to school at all?"

"Never," mourned Midge.

"You mean you nefer had not von lesson?" demanded the head of the Kraus Ski School. "Never even had on a pair of skis before," she admitted honestly.

"Sooo." His ruddy face brightened. "Try dem now."

"I don't know how to start."

Franz Kraus took a camera from the case slung over his shoulder. "I vant pictures."

"But not of me," laughed Midge. However, she cheerfully obliged him and wobbled a few yards before falling into another heap.

He helped her up.

"Nein. Listen. You play golf, ja? Just so you must relax. See—a little down in de knees. Come, ve go together." He turned to Quentin. "You, too."

Down the road they glided, the Austrian between them.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

different from the pleasant, comradely disorder she was used to. (Thomasine got up at six-thirty in order to get her shower before anyone else.) The days went on, and still Thomasine walked behind the high walls of her routine, and Sara was never able to lure her forth. The days turned to weeks, and the last precious months of Sara's sophomore year began to dwindle, full and happy, yet edged all round with uneasiness.

"If I could just forget it and ignore her," she groaned to Honey Ann one afternoon, as they sat together in the little sun parlor, trying to study their parts for the play, "why then she wouldn't bother me at all. But I keep having that awful sense of failure. Here I jumped into this, so sure I could work it, and I haven't accomplished a thing.

"So—keep de skis together, hold de poles so—ja, so! Don't be afraid—no volf will eat you. Now wait. I take anoder picture of you."

"Have you taken some already?" Midge asked in dismay.

"Nefer mind. Remember vat I said. Relax—und relax."

She tried again with far better success, but a bump in the road sent her feet in diverse directions and again she tumbled.

"Gut. Verry gut. Vonce more together."

Over and over he helped them, slipping to the side now and then to take pictures. Gradually Midge gained confidence, and with it came the natural flexibility developed by her many other sports.

"Now you can schuss gut," praised the teacher, smiling at both his pupils.

"You mean slide down hill?" asked Midge wonderingly.

"Ja, schuss. Slide-down-hill, vat baby talk! Nun, try de snow plow. Soo—a steeper hill,

I HAVE a SYSTEM

"Seems like it's just the way we said," Honey Ann reminded her mildly. "Look at the way she does the properties and costumes. Just stays at rehearsals as long as she absolutely has to, and then rushes off. Thomasine would just rather be left alone."

"If only I were sure of that," Sara mused. "Look! I'll try once more. Let's ask her to the feed to-night!"

"Your birthday feed!" said Honey Ann disapprovingly. "Doesn't seem right for you to spoil it. But go right ahead if you want to."

Sara approached Thomasine rather hesitantly, when they came in from study hall that evening.

"Thomasine," she began, "I know you're awfully busy, but Mother sent a big birthday

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

you want to go slow. Put de tips of de skis together, de backs apart, de knees und ankles bent."

"Why, that's not hard," exclaimed Midge in delight, as she obeyed his instructions.

"Nuttings is hard ven you relax. Now ve go together; ven I say schuss—ve schuss. Ven I say snowplow, ve do dat."

Down they glided, now fast, now slow, and Midge thought she knew what it must be like to be a bird. The road took them back to the little inn where Adele, resplendent in the red parka, dashed down the steps to meet them.

"Here I am, Herr Kraus, all ready and r'aring to go!"

He looked at her blankly.

"Go? Go vere?"

"With you—for the movie."

"Oh, dat. Thank you, beautiful lady, but I wouldn't haf to trouble you. I found vat I wanted—somevun who knew nuttings about skiing."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

box to me to-day, and we're going to have a feed in Honey's and Lou's room. Would you—would you have time to come?"

Thomasine opened the Daily Duty catalog.

"Nine to ten—recreation," she read. "Why, yes, I can do that for my recreation. Thank you, Sara."

Sara stared. "I didn't know you had a place marked for recreation," she observed. "What do you do for recreation?"

"If my classes are arranged so that I may take it in the afternoon, I go for walks; but if it's in the evening, there's not much to do but sit," said Thomasine matter-of-factly. "If you were here, I could talk with you then, but you never are."

Sara turned away hastily. The aching lump that had come into (Continued on page 49)



Joint Action

"I've been thinking, my son, of retiring next year and leaving the business to you."

"There's no hurry, Dad. You go ahead and work a few years more, and then we can retire together."—*Sent by RUBY ALMGREN, North Wilbraham, Massachusetts.*

Misunderstood

The day after the military parade, a boy remarked to his sister's beau, "You should have seen the caller Sis had last night. Boy, but he looked fine, sitting there beside her with his arm—"

"Bobby!" gasped his sister, her face getting red.

"Well, so he did," replied her little brother. "He had his arm—"

"Bobby," interrupted his mother sharply, "leave this room at once!"

As Bobby left the room, he mumbled half to himself, "I was only going to say that he had his army clothes on."—*Sent by SHIRLEY LIENKE, Windom, Minnesota.*

Wild



FIRST MAN: I shot seventeen ducks on my hunting trip to-day.

SECOND MAN: Were they wild?

FIRST MAN: No, but the farmer who owned them was.—*Sent by SARAH DAVIES, Madison, Wisconsin.*

Enthusiasm

CUSTOMER: What kind of salad is this?
WAITRESS: Enthusiasm.

CUSTOMER: What in the world is that?

WAITRESS: We put all we have into it.—*Sent by BETSY ANN EVANS, Shawnee, Oklahoma.*

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



Cosmic Intelligence

JACK: Mother Nature sure is smart.

BILL: How's that?

JACK: Well, she didn't know we were going to wear glasses, but look where she put our ears!—*Sent by LOUISE HAAS, Shamokin, Pennsylvania.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

The Long and Short of It

CHIEF OF POLICE: Can you give a description of your missing cashier?

BANKER: He is about five feet, five inches tall, and seventy thousand short.—*Sent by ANNETTE RUBIN, Hallettsville, Texas.*

Piano Lesson

Little Nancy was taking her first piano lesson. After discovering the pedals, she solemnly asked, "When do I put on the brakes?"—*Sent by ANNA JOHNSTON, New Kensington, Pennsylvania.*

Of Course

MOTHER: How is it you have lower marks in January than in December, Son?

SMALL BOY: Oh, everything is marked down after the holidays!—*Sent by MARTHA LEE REAMS, Toledo, Ohio.*

Classroom Boner

TEACHER: John, what is the meaning of the word "quarantine"?

JOHN: Quarantine is a slip of paper you get when you buy a watch, stating that it will keep good time for ten years.—*Sent by BEATRICE LEFKOWITZ, McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania.*

Not At All



GUEST: Well, good-night! I hope I haven't kept you up too late.

HOST (yawning): Not at all. Not at all. We would have been getting up soon, anyway.—*Sent by GEORGIANA GUEST, Ryan, Oklahoma.*

Earn-Your-Own



PRIZE AWARDS!

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

her throat that day, weeks ago, when she first thought about Thomasine, came back.

"I used to think, if you were here I could show you my system of Daily Duty cataloging," Thomasine continued, almost wistfully. "I've never known a more careless girl than you are, but I can't help thinking you ought to be able to improve."

Sara gave a little chuckle that caught. "O. K., your next recreation hour, you show me your system," she said. "But this time we're going to the feed."

So Thomasine went to the feed, sitting on a chair and refusing all food except pineapple juice, and proving a wet blanket generally. And the next day Sara learned how to budget her time. And two catalogs instead of one stood on the dresser.

After that, it became a sort of habit for Thomasine to be along most of the time, though she never seemed to enjoy it.

The days became busier as spring came on. The sophomore play loomed close and was upon them. Sara went around with her eyes shut, frantically going over her lines—she had the long character part of the play; and Honey Ann was even more perturbed about her seventeen words as the maid. Only Thomasine was unruffled. She collected all the props without a hitch and ordered all the costumes. She was righteous when the costumes arrived, in time for dress rehearsal, and it was discovered that Sara's was too small.

"I measured you, and sent the exact size," said Thomasine, looking severely at the spectacle of Sara, projecting inches at wrists and ankles from her long, tight, nineteen-ten-style tailored suit. "They simply made an error."

Sara posed before the glass, waving her long bare wrists fantastically. "I look like Alice-in-Wonderland when she swallowed the growing pill," she observed. "They must have read how big I was around, and then stopped. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. I

I HAVE a SYSTEM

may be size fourteen around, but I'm size eighteen up and down. I'll have to have a size eighteen, and pin it in around the waist. But, my aunt, wouldn't I be a sensation in this?" she added.

"You'd ruin the play," said Thomasine crisply. "I'll exchange it to-morrow. I'm only thankful it was to-night instead of to-morrow night. Then it wouldn't have been so easy to remedy."

The day of the play was full of gaps and rushes, as such days so often are. Sara and Honey went around blank-eyed, muttering lines, remembering things they had to do and dashing off, remembering classes and dashing back. Lunch came, afternoon classes dragged themselves through, and there arrived the empty two hours before dinner.

"I'll go crazy if we sit around and mutter parts any longer!" Sara cried. "Let's walk over to the park. Come on, Thom, don't look it up—just pretend it's time for recreation. Be a sport for once in your life!"

Thomasine's sallow face became rather pink. "O. K.," she said surprisingly.

They were back just before dinner; then dinner was over, it was seven, it was half-past.

"Oh, do hurry, darling!" Honey Ann squeaked, dancing at the door knob while Sara, always leisurely in times of stress, patted bath powder down her back. "It's high time we were both in our costumes!"

"Oh, and, sir, you forgot your bat," muttered Sara abstractedly, picking up a suit box. "O. K., I'm ready."

The halls were empty, voices and radio music drifted through open transoms.

"Everybody's getting ready for the play," said Honey Ann through chattering teeth. "Everybody's coming, and hundreds of people from town besides. What if I forget my seventeen words?"

"Oh, you won't! Everything will be fine,"

comforted Sara. She opened the door that led back stage—and paused.

In the large wing stood the cast, in many degrees of make-up and costume, with their mouths open attentively. It was clear that, at the moment, they were the audience instead of the players. And the center of the stage was—of all people—Thomasine!

"It's the first time in my life I ever forgot anything!" Thomasine wailed. And Thomasine, Thomasine the immobile, was weeping. There were shiny tear streaks down her pale cheeks. "What shall we do? What shall we do? The costumer's is closed hours ago. It was on my card, but I went walking and forgot to look! Oh, Sara! Why did it have to be yours?"

"Her what?" Honey Ann asked faintly. "Why did it have to be Sara's what?"

"Her costume," cried Thomasine. "She's given me the happiest hours of my life, and then I forget to exchange her costume, and the other one makes her look like a clown. Oh, what shall we do?"

Sara ran forward and took Thomasine by the shoulders. "So I was right!" she cried breathlessly. She thrust forward the suit box. "Here's the costume," she added.

Thomasine opened her mouth, and, for the first time, found no words. But Sara answered the question.

"I exchanged it this morning," she said, chuckling.

"You exchanged it!" Thomasine echoed.

"I had it on my Daily Duties card," Sara said. "I put it down, and remembered, for the first time in world history. And did I actually make you forget? Oh, Thom, Thom, we've neither of us lived in vain!"

"Two minutes till curtain time," said the prompter, sticking her head around the door. "Look alive, there!"

"We all are," said Sara, her voice brimming with happiness.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

and saw the plane circling lower and lower, their hope changed to bewilderment. "It isn't the Tullamore," Martha said.

"No, and Father isn't at the wheel, either," Chatty said. "I've watched him land too many times. He always comes down easy—like a bird."

"But it's landing," Dakie said, "right there in the corner of the field. How would they know just where to land if Father wasn't in it?"

They were all running toward the corner of the wheat field, had almost reached it by the time the plane landed, its running wheels throwing up soft mud as it skidded to a stop.

A man climbed out and the pilot took off again. Was it Father who had climbed out? This man was thin and shabby, and he walked with a weariness of body and spirit. He had no baggage—nothing. He had a cut, not quite healed, on his chin. But they caught the flash of his smile, ran faster, choking out, "Father—we thought—you'd never come!"

THEY sat in the between-way, that night, with Father in their midst. Somehow the chores had been done, supper gotten through. Father was back! Martha had found herself murmuring that in ecstasy as she sat on the stool, milking Pearl. "Father is back!"

HAPPY ACRES

He hadn't come back rich as he had predicted. "Not even a little bit rich?" Dakin had asked.

"Not even a tiny bit," Father had sighed regretfully.

"But you came back," breathed Martha. "That's all that matters."

The night was lovely, with a moon blurring through the big cottonwood, with a multitude of frogs down in the bottomland croaking sleepily. Tommy Tucker, his alligator worm put away for the night, was on Father's lap; Chatty leaned against his knees. There was so much to talk about, so much to listen to. Father had heard about Chatty and the crutches that could now be used for kindling wood; about Dakie and the applause that had followed his playing of the piece about the black ram that cast a golden shadow—yes, and if they could sell all the stockings they could knit, their karakuls would be casting golden shadows, too.

Father told of his trip briefly, as though he hated talking about it. Yes, they had become lost in fog and wind, with their gas supply low, as Phil Horn had radioed. "Our only chance was to coast with the wind, and somehow we made it to the rocky mainland. Phil Horn and I are lucky our bones aren't bleaching on that plateau in Dutch Guiana with the

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Tullamore." They'd been laid up for weeks with their injuries. Father had some broken ribs and this gash on his face—Phil, a bad knee injury. But they hadn't given themselves long to recuperate. They had toiled, day after day, over that ground Coriella had given them a share in.

But they'd found no bauxite.

Finally, utterly discouraged and half sick, both he and Phil Horn, with the help of friendly natives, had reached the coast and got passage on a freighter back to New Orleans. Father hadn't known, until he'd reached there, that they'd been reported lost at sea. "I tried all last night to get in touch with you folks here at Happy Acres, but I couldn't get you," he told them.

"Yes, you did," Martha said. "I heard your voice, anyway."

An aviator friend had flown Father up to the airport in Denver; another flyer, on his way back to Chicago, had dropped him off at home. "And goodness knows I'm glad to be here," he murmured.

Cousin Dakin said, "I'll tell you why I went to Paramaribo. The company I'm working for has discovered that, in some of these formations where they have hoped to find bauxite and haven't found it, they get cinnabar which is a valuable ore of mercury. I've

found it down there. Did you notice if the rocks you worked over had red crystals in them?"

Yes, Father remembered, some of them had had red crystals.

"The chances are good that we might find cinnabar on this land that you share with Horn and Coriella. Of course, if it's there, you'll get it. But how would you like to fly me down there and let me look it over? We could find out a lot quicker."

Martha knew a breathless uneasiness while she waited for Father's answer. He said, "No, Cousin Dakin, even if some one told me there were diamonds lying around in some far country, just for the picking up, I wouldn't pilot him down. Flying is a young man's game. The thrill of it is gone for me. I guess I'm like the ram that found the heights cold and lonely, and came down to the lowland. I want solid ground under my feet. I'm going to farm this land and raise sheep—it's to be our Happy Acres. No, I'm through flying."

Martha leaned her head against the house and drew a deep, deep breath. It was as though she had reached the Amen of a long, earnest prayer. All her life there had been waiting, and watching the sky, and worrying about Father's return. How much sweeter life would be without that!

She gave herself up to the serenity of the hour, while the men talked on and on. The moon went behind a cloud, worked its way free again. Aunt Mary dozed in her chair, and Martha helped her in to her cot in Mrs. Gunnage's room. Mrs. Gunnage, muttering about the chill of Colorado evenings, went off to bed. At last Duncan Smith got up, murmuring something about some pages he must finish

before he could call it a day and go to bed.

Martha roused herself from her happy coma to remember that Duncan's lantern would need coal oil. There was a full lantern in the kitchen, and she lighted it and carried it out to the barn.

She called up to him, "I've brought you a lantern that will really give you some light."

"Come on up, Martha. I've something to show you."

HE reached down to help her up. Outside the tightly-stretched mosquito netting a swarm of millers—prairie moths—buzzed and fluttered.

"There's been so much happening to-day I haven't had a minute to tell you that, when the mail man came out this evening—he was awfully late—he brought me a letter from the editor to whom I'd sent my 'Know Your Son' article."

Martha said, "I'll bet he liked it, didn't he?"

He chuckled. "Martha, what a great person you are—to be so sure that my writing is good. I've been sitting here thinking about you. Do you realize that out of failure you've made success? You've assembled under your roof an awful lot of human misfits, and you haven't tried to make them over. You've only liked them for what they are, and believed in them—and helped them find themselves in their own way. There's poor old Aunt Mary. There's rascally little Chatty. You held out against Fred Schef when he told you you ought to sell the good-for-nothing black sheep—and there is the fellow who made such a mess of writing murder-mystery stories."

"But what did the editor say?" Martha pursued her query.

"He didn't think it was perfect," he grinned, "but he liked the idea. I'm to make some changes—which won't be hard. But this is the nice thing; nothing that really happens is as nice as something that you have to look forward to, because then you always have something to think about and plan when you wake up at night. What a talker I am this evening—but read this, Martha."

"This" was a letter from a book publisher. The publisher was a friend of the editor who had corresponded with Duncan concerning his articles on young people. He, the publisher, saw a future in them. He felt that the intended articles in book form would fill a very definite need of the public. He hoped the writer would keep that in mind, and let him know his reaction to the suggestion.

"So you'll have a book," Martha cried happily.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I think I will. Of course I've only got one page of the book written as yet. That's the dedication page. I'm dedicating my book to the girl that I think is the finest I've ever known—yes, and the loveliest, and the most comfortable to have around."

"Oh—to Miriam," Martha murmured. She tried not to resent Miriam's spirit invading the fragrant, poorly-lighted loft; but somehow she hated to think of a girl with a white fur sliding about on silken shoulders, a girl with hair smooth and sleek as a blackbird's wing, standing there beside some one as plain and kind—yes, and lovable—as Duncan Smith.

But Duncan only chuckled, and held before her a page on which he had written, "*To Martha, who not only carried the lantern that lighted the loft, but the light that showed me the right road.*"

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES—ROBERT HENRI—1865-1929

ROBERT HENRI'S ancestors (of Irish, English, and French origin) had made their homes for several generations in Virginia, Kentucky, and Ohio. His name has been completely Anglicized and is pronounced *Hen-rye*. As a small boy he traveled in the West, and the contrast between life on the frontier and in the big cities awakened in him a keen interest in the varied aspects of the American scene. His early ambition was to be a writer and indeed he had a gift for putting forth his ideas in vivid, inspiring words, but his first sight of an artist at work touched a responsive chord, and painting became his chosen medium of expression.

When he was about twenty-one years old he entered the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, where he formed a lasting friendship with Thomas Anshutz, a cultured and broad-minded teacher. Anshutz had studied under Thomas Eakins whose thorough knowledge of the human form was acquired through regular physicians' courses in anatomy at Jefferson Medical College. The methods and thoroughness of Eakins were passed on by Anshutz to his young pupil.

After two years at the Pennsylvania Academy, Henri went to Paris and entered the Julian Academy. He studied alternately there and at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, working diligently and trying his best to accept the rigid rules of the academicians. But his vital spirit was not content with this traditional teaching, and he began to spend long hours at the Louvre studying the old masters, Rembrandt, Velasquez, and Hals. He found in their work the feeling of aliveness which he had been seeking. He was intrigued, also, with the Impressionists—not so much with their technique as with their direct and uncompromising method of seeing the contemporary scene with an unprejudiced, unacademic eye.

After about a year of struggle Henri left school, never to study in an academy again. He began to look about him with honest vision, and to set down what he saw and felt in his own way. The next year he traveled in Italy, studying the Primitive, Renaissance, and Venetian Schools, and the following year he returned to America. Here he taught at the Woman's School of Design, and for a time shared a studio with the painter, Glackens.

When he was in his early thirties he spent two years painting

and teaching in Paris where his classes were attended by pupils from all over the world. At this time he painted one of his few landscapes, "La Neige," which hangs to-day in the Luxembourg.

In 1907 one of his paintings was hung in the Paris Salon. Shortly after, he returned to America and gave his first one-man show in Philadelphia. The following year he settled in New York which was rapidly becoming the art center of America. Here he had a studio in an old house on East Fifty-Eighth Street, near the river, in the midst of teeming tenements and under the shadow of the great bridges.

With seven other artists of liberal views Henri formed a group known as "The Eight," which was opposed to the hide-bound attitude of the academies and advocated non-jury exhibits. At that time it was almost impossible for a young independent artist to find a place to show his work, but Robert Henri's continued fight against the traditional conservatism of the art juries opened a way for then unknown painters to show pieces which have now become the proud possessions of collectors.

American painting is greatly indebted to Henri for his work as a teacher. He taught at the Chase School, had a school of his own for a time, and was an instructor at the Art Students' League. His magnetic personality and unusual ability to put his philosophy of art into arresting, thought-inspiring words stimulated his pupils. He encouraged his students to express honestly, in their own fashions, emotions and ideas received directly from life and not from other art works. He never tried to impose his own personality upon them; and, above everything else, he discouraged imitation. He felt that painting was a means to an end; that technical ability was never an end in itself. Complete as was his own mastery of his craft, he believed that *what* an artist had to say was far more important than the manner in which he said it. His lectures and theories have been collected in an informal book, "The Art Spirit."

Most of Henri's paintings are portraits. He called them "My People." During his extensive travels he painted Hungarian gypsies, Mexican Indians, Irish peasants, Chinese ladies, Spanish dancers. With a technical handling admirably suited to portraiture, he was supremely able to delineate character, and his "people" are all vitally, glowingly alive.

M. C.



for
ART'S
sake!

JEAN slipped her hand through her friend's arm. "I do love an art gallery," she sighed happily, "and especially the Metropolitan. But my feet are getting terribly tired. Let's sit down on this bench a moment before we look at anything else."

"Right-o," agreed Joan, seating herself. "We'll appreciate everything more if we rest a bit between whiles." A landscape across the gallery, an Alpine scene, caught her eye. "That's lovely, Jinny. Does it make you think of Lee Jaques' paintings that were reproduced in *Matterhorn Meadows*, in the February *AMERICAN GIRL*?"

Jean studied the picture. "Yes, it does," she said. "Those pictures are beautiful, aren't they?—and Mrs. Jaques' article is a peach. I'm always keen about the International Number. And this one has so many interesting things in it."

● "For instance, Aleko E. Lilius' article about Brita's adventures in the Kalahari Desert," commented Joan. "And all those exciting foreign recipes, to say nothing of the stories. Didn't you love *First Flight*, by Miriam E. Mason, the story about the balloon that was invent-

ed, long, long ago, at Annonay in France, by the brothers Montgolfier—and about Laurette and her lamb? It was adorable, I thought. And the historical part of it is all true, too."

"I know," said Jean. "I was so interested to learn that the Montgolfier paper is still made—the brothers had a paper factory, you know—and that Orson Lowell had the inspiration to make the illustrations for the story on Montgolfier paper."

● "I got a real kick out of that. And I loved the first installment of Marguerite Aspinwall's two-part story, *Snow Stars*. It had such a new kind of plot." Joan glanced down at her wristwatch. "We'd better get going again, Jinny, if you're rested. It's getting late, and there are so many lovely things to see. Maybe we'll find the originals of some of the paintings which have been reproduced as frontispieces in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*."

Jean nodded. "Do you know, Jo, my interest in pictures really dates from that series. Those frontispieces got me all steamed up, and made me want to see paintings, and to learn about painters and the characteristics of their work."

"I feel the same way," agreed Joan, "and I wouldn't part with our art notebook for anything."

"Your idea was pretty smart—about pasting in reproductions of paintings from catalogs, newspapers, or wherever one can get hold of them, I mean, and writing in anything we can find out about the artist. I'm glad we have the biographical notes about artists in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, too. Lots of girls asked for them," said Jean.

"They're a big help. And I especially liked the one about Charles W. Hawthorne, to go with that beautiful painting of his, *Adoration*. I wonder if there are any Hawthorne canvases here in the Metropolitan." Joan's eye traveled down the H's in the catalog she held in her hand. "Why, Jinny, look at this! *The Trousseau* is here. That's one of Hawthorne's most famous paintings."

"Yes, and we had that once for a frontispiece in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*!" said Jean. "It's my favorite picture. Come on! We must find that painting if we don't see another thing this afternoon."

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